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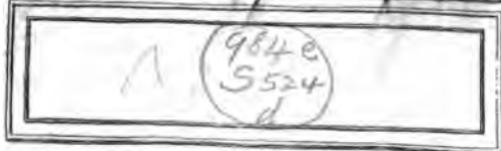
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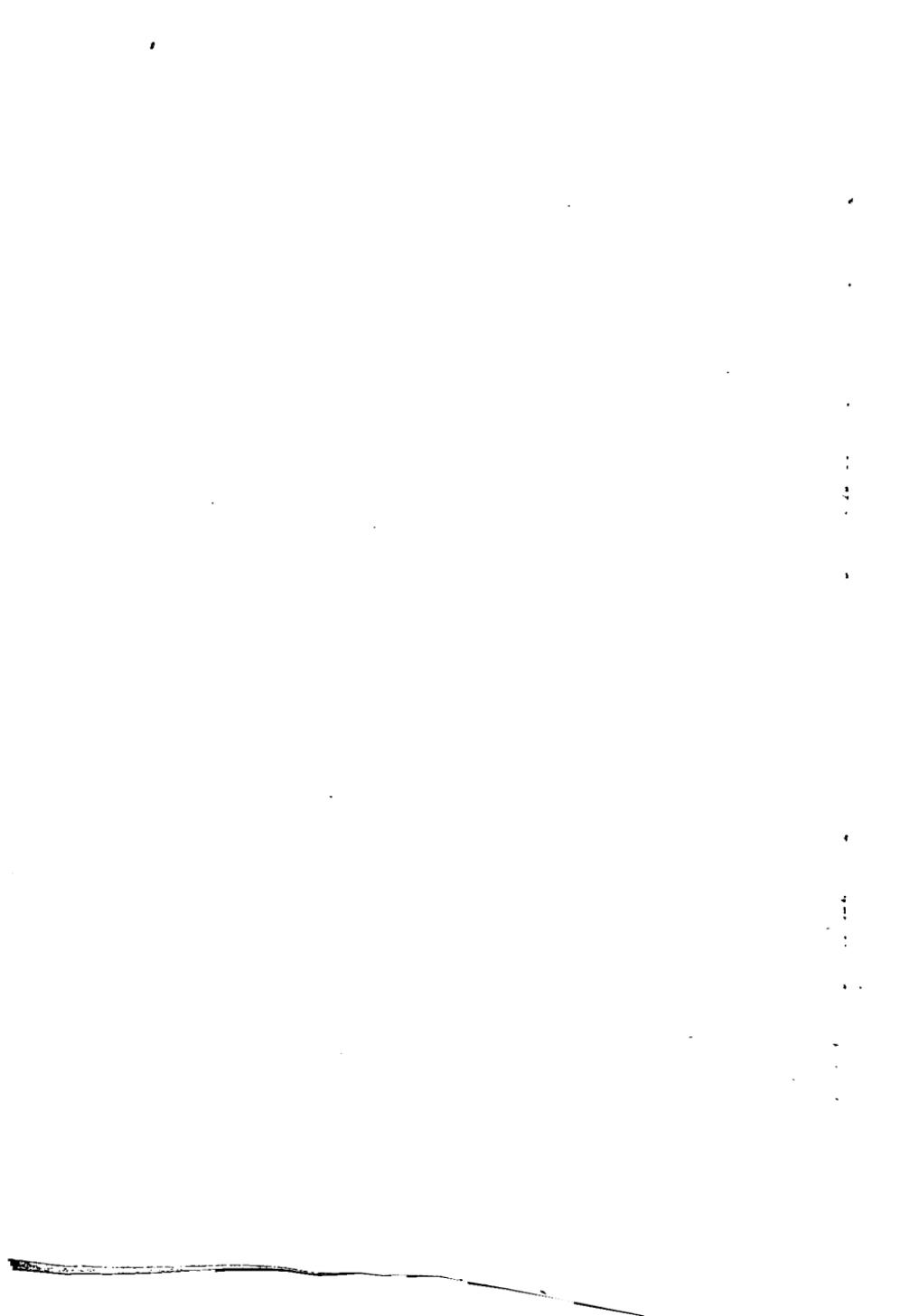




Class of 1900









The **Drama of the Ages**

BY
ELLA R. SHAEFFER



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OLIVE LEAF PRESS
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Ella R. Shaeffer

TO MEL
AMERICAN

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INTRODUCTION

The Drama of the Ages embraces more than four thousand years of time. It brings to view the fact of one continued conflict throughout all the Ages. Two opposing forces have been in fierce combat. The subject of conquest has been the subjection of the human mind and the enslavement of both mind and body.

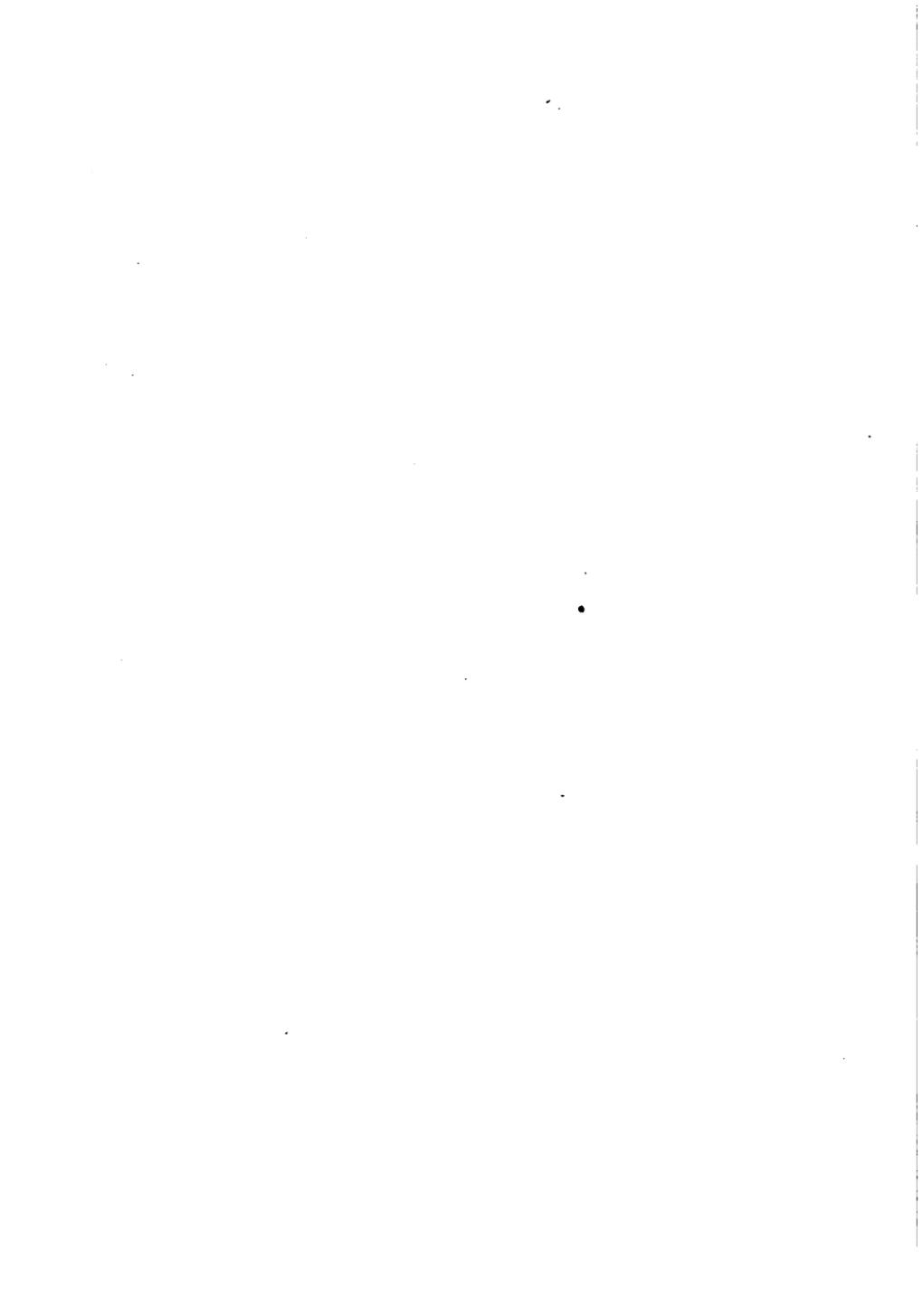
In protest Omnipotent power has been ever present, sometimes in mighty demonstration.

The conquest which has been waged throughout the centuries reveals two sets of principles which are absolute in opposition the one to the other.

The following pages are for the most part authentic history, the Bible being the basis in which the course of despotic empire from its beginning is briefly set down, but it is at the greatest crises of the world's history that the clash of principles is in the most spectacular manner made manifest.

This is not a history of dry facts and events so much as of human nature, of hearts and souls.

And if it shall prove helpful to someone struggling for the way of true happiness and well being, then the object for which it is written shall have been attained.



THE DRAMA OF
THE AGES

THE DRAMA OF THE AGES

CHAPTER I.

NIMROD

It was in the days of Eber that the curtain first rises upon the Drama of the Ages; it was the first of a series of crises in the history of nations.

As yet there were no nations, states, nor empires; the world was an infant; the land of Shinar its cradle—Let not the student of history vainly wonder when the protoplasmic chits began first to wiggle; nor how long it would take them to become intelligent enough to build the Sphinx and the Pyramids; for Egypt had not yet been born; there were no Greeks nor Romans; no foot of man had penetrated the Steppe country; no voice of man had broken the stillness of China, Hindostan or Korea; no eye of man had looked upon Mt. Fuji Yama; no human lips had formed the word America; there were no Indians anywhere; the Islands of the sea awaited the coming of man.

In the days of Eber still lived the fathers of our race; from them have come all the nations and people that are on the earth; the tenth chapter of the book of Genesis gives the origin of nations; and there is no other.

Eber had a son whom he named "Peleg, for in his days was the earth divided"—"And all the earth was of one language and of one speech," and it was the design of God that the people should scatter out and fill the earth; but there were some who said let us build us a city and a tower;—and let us make us a name, lest the people be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth.

This was the plan the meaning of which was nothing short of an organized attempt to establish a centralized power,—a one man power making one man absolute monarch of all.

This plan met with a protest in demonstration of the great power of God by which was the origin of languages and of nations. Nimrod was the leader of this conquest for widespread dominion and a one man power. To this movement Eber was an able opponent.

Nimrod taught the people in public and in private that a monarchy is the only safe and natural form of government; but Eber taught that monarchal form of government would spell slavery, degradation, ignorance, squalor, superstition and murder; and that they would hold their liberty and their lands by the slippery tenure of the will of the prince. He said that liberty is the gift of God, and that all are the common children of the Creator; that the earth with all its wealth and beauty is free to all; that the kind of rule proposed by Nimrod is contrary to the divine order, and that should it prevail, their posterity would read the history of the world written in the blood of countless millions.

To Nimrod he said,—Makest thou thyself like the "Most High." Wilt thou ascend above the stars of God?—was it thou that caused the light to shine when darkness was upon

the face of the deep? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?

Nimrod defiantly replied—I know not God, and I care not what thou sayest.

The words of Eber awakened acclamations of deep enthusiasm. Caesar was ambitious. Nimrod was ambitious. He said in an aside to his companions, this man Eber studies much, he sees afar, he is dangerous; we must represent him to the people as being opposed to law and order, inciting anarchy. We must get him out of the way.

They proceeded to build the tower.

Then it was that God manifested himself in protest on the side of Eber; and while others began to speak in different languages, Eber retained the original language;—that ancient classic language which surpasses all others in beauty of imagery and loftiness of thought.

Nimrod was baffled, but did not relinquish his bold design; he defiled the "Most High." Thus,—"A mighty hunter before the Lord," not merely a hunter of wild beasts, but more a pursuer and crusher of men; and therefore a more exact translation of the original expression reads, "He was an overbearing tyrant in Jehovah's sight."

That this was an organized attempt to crush out the knowledge of God in the earth is revealed by the inspired words of the Apostle Paul, "God that made the world and all things therein—and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation. That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him; though he be not far from every one of us."

The party of Nimrod now determined to make their design effective by establishing a form of religious belief with impressive ceremony, and a dazzling pageantry.

CHAPTER II.

ABRAM

The central figure in the history of humanity was the man Abram: in him have transpired the greatest events of human history; what he was and what he did—not what he said—made him great.

He stood with the great men of his day a leader in the affairs of men; and he was very rich, not in lands, but in cattle, in silver and in gold; and of his household there were three hundred and eighteen educated servants. One time in command of an army, “He brought back all the goods—and the women also, and the people.” These had been taken captive by a despotic king.

Abram upheld civil government as necessary for the good of all; but in matters of religious faith,—he acknowledged the “Most High” as the one alone to whom we must give an account.

Abram seems to have been in close touch with the unseen world, for he entertained visitors from the realms of Sinless Glory: the Lord came and talked with Abram, and made known to him the eternal purpose of God:—the glorious destiny of the earth and its inhabitants,—the Creator took Abram into covenant relations with himself by a symbolism, the most sacred in use amongst men.

He gave to Abram a son typical of the only begotten Son

of God,—the Saviour of the world; and “Abram was called the friend of God.”

Abram was the founder of the Hebrew nation,—a nation that lives today in every country of the world, although for many centuries without a country of its own.

From “Eber” comes the name “Hebrew,” of whom Abram is the eighth in the line of descent. It is said that Eber was the founder of the Hebrew language.

The home of Abram was in Ur of the Chaldees; the home of Sarai was in the same city; the two families belonged to the aristocracy; Abram and Sarai were betrothed. The great beauty of Sarai was reported to the king and she was taken,—no one knew where; the families of Abram and Sarai were overwhelmed with grief, Abram’s grief was indescribable. He arose with the determination to find her and bring her again to her home. He immediately set forth with commissioners.

The sun had risen high in the heavens when he entered the gates of Akkad.

Through shady aisles he walked, and up and down broad slopes where the palm plumes toss. The streets were paved with polished stone, and lined on either side with lofty palaces. As he advanced more into the city’s center, the crowds increased. The pressing throngs of people seemed more or less bent on pleasure, to judge from their animated conversation and frequent bursts of laughter. The men for the most part were dressed like Abram—a costume worn by the ancient Greeks—it consisted of a white linen tunic, and loose upper vest, both garments being kept in place by a belt of silver. From this belt suspended a sheathed dagger.

Though there were some whose garments were of soft silk with belts of gold, who carried daggers in sheaths that were literally encrusted with jewels.

There were richly ornamented chariots drawn by spirited horses and driven by personages in gorgeous apparel. There were fruit sellers,—flower girls—and there were little open square carts to which mules wearing collars of bells were harnessed,—these vehicles bore the names of traders and dealers in all sorts of provisions.

The streets were full of elegant loungers of both sexes. The women were especially noticeable for their lazy grace of manner—they glided to and fro with an indolent floating ease that was bewitching, the more so, as many of them were endowed with natural beauty, a beauty greatly enhanced by the artistic simplicity of dress,—this was composed of a straight clinging gown, slightly gathered at the throat and bound at the waist with a girdle. Their arms were bare as were those of the men. The women wore long white veils which they draped about them at their pleasure.

Soon a loud blast of a silver-toned trumpet split the air followed by a storm roar of acclamations. And now vast crowds of people pressed impetuously in one direction. Abram plunged into the shouting onrushing throng, and was borne with it swiftly down a broad avenue, lined with stately palm trees, and decked with flags and streamers, to the margin of a noble river. A splendid marble embankment barred it on both sides,—and here under awnings of every color and design, an enormous multitude was assembled.

The attention of all appeared to be centered in one direction,—presently there was seen the slow approach of a fan-

tastic vessel, that with great prow and scarlet sails, moving gently in the breeze, was gliding leisurely yet majestically over the azure of the smooth water. Huge oars like golden fins projected from the sides and dipped every now and then, wielded by the hands of unseen rowers.

Nearer and nearer it came—brighter and brighter it glowed,—the sound of stringed music, solemn and sweet rippled enchantingly over the placid river—nearer, and now the vessel slid round with a graceful sweep and courtesied forward,—creamy hangings falling in rich folds draped it, gold cords looped the sails—on the deck a band of young girls dressed in white, and wreathed with flowers knelt, playing softly on stringed instruments; and there were cupid like young boys, half nude, grouped in reposeful attitudes alongside of the edge of the prow holding garlands of flowers reaching to the surface of the water beneath.

The central figure of this strange vessel was a woman wonderfully beautiful, clothed in gold attire, and girdled with gems, she stood leaning against the middle mast of the vessel in an indolent manner, her dark eyes seemed to fall lazily upon the people whose roar of rapture and admiration sounded like the breaking of billows.

Presently she slowly extended one hand and arm and made an imperious gesture to command silence. Instantly a profound silence ensued. Lifting a long slender wand, she described three circles in the air with an even majestic motion.

Abram noticed as she did this, her eyes rested upon him; and turning he realized that he was the only unkneeling soul in that abject multitude.

The vessel now began to move onward, and soon it vanished. Suddenly a dozen hands were laid roughly on him, loud angry voices shouted on all sides, "A traitor," "A spy," "An infidel," "into the water with him."—"He denies the gods." With a few agile movements he wrenched himself from their grasp, and stood like a stag at bay—"What have I done?—speak—is it the fashion of this city to condemn a man unheard?" No one answered this appeal.

The sound of musical instruments now directed the attention of his assailants to a youth arrayed in crimson, and carrying a small golden harp; as he approached, the people parted right and left, thus clearing the way for another personage who followed him, a graceful, Adonis-like personage in glittering white apparel, with collar of gold set with diamonds, and jeweled sheath, armlet and belt, and wearing a myrtle wreath on his abundant dark hair.

The populace now forgot the cause of their disturbance and greeted the personage with, "Heil," "All Hail." "Zamula." The newcomer thus greeted bowed right and left—"What disturbance is here?" he demanded,—"A traitor," a most insolent knave, he refuses homage to the High Priestess."

Zamula now saw Abram. There was a brief pause in which the two young men surveyed each other.

"Who art thou?" demanded the Laureate.

"I am a stranger from Ur of the Chaldees, my name is Abram."

"A stranger from Ur, then I insure thy safety, and bid thee welcome: thy distinguished appearance proclaims thee guest of the king's laureate."

Now, turning he said to the people, Know you not that strangers are exempt from worship?

"O, you hasty misjudging Akkadians."

To Abram he said: "You, my dear sir, will doubtless be glad to rest and recover from the ungentle treatment of my countrymen"—As he said this he took Abram by the arm and passed on through the ranks nodding graciously here and there with the air of a monarch who occasionally bows to some of his poorest subjects.

Abram began to express thanks for the timely rescue he had received—but Zamula waived all such acknowledgements. They passed through broad avenues lined with magnificent palms, and soon came to the palace-like residence of Zamula. It was a dome-shaped building surrounded by fluted colonnades, and fronted by a spacious court, paved with mosaics, where flower-bordered fountains dashed up showers of refreshing spray.

Into this court and across it he led his guest. Ascending a wide flight of steps they entered a large open hall, where the light poured in through rose color and pale blue glass giving the effect of mingled moonlight and sunset.

Several beautiful girls were here reclining on richly covered cushions; some were amusing themselves with tame birds, some were weaving garlands of myrtle leaves. One was holding a golden harp, as though she were considering what chords she should next awaken from its responsive strings.

As Zamula and his guest appeared, all arose and stood silently with bowed heads and folded hands. As Zamula led his guest past these fairy-like forms, he paused at the side

of the girl with the harp, "Ah, Sarai,"—(Abram and Sarai had exchanged glances of glad but secret recognition for there was quick understanding between them) "Ah, Sarai," Sweet virtue, see I have brought with me a stranger,—I must have thee warble for his pleasure some of my songs thou hast learned to render with such matchless tenderness. "Come," said he to Abram, "we shall pass the afternoon together,—"Sarai, you will bring us fruit and wine," bid my servant prepare the rose chamber for my guest, Myra and Athazel will wait upon him there." Each girl touched her head with her hand in token of obedience.

The poet escorted his visitor to the further end of the hall, there drawing aside curtains of azure silk, he ushered him into a splendid apartment opening out upon a charming terrace and garden beyond,—he bade Abram be seated. Abram sank indolently into a low richly cushioned chair and surveyed with admiration the elegant figure of his host who throwing himself on a couch covered with leopard skins looked at his guest with a smile of approval.

"It is a fit place where the divine muse may dwell,"—nevertheless, air, light and flowers not lacking, methinks I could subsist were I deprived of all other things."

Abram sat silent and looked about him, the domed ceiling was wreathed with carved clusters of grapes and pomegranates, the walls were frescoed with glowing scenes of love and song tournament. The floor was inlaid with variegated mosaics and strewn with the soft, dark, furry skins of wild animals. Grand busts stood on pedestals or projecting brackets. There were velvet draped corners from which

gleamed superb statuary. There were book cases overflowing with quaint volumes.

Abram looking into the face of his host said, "Zamula, what are the laws by which this city is governed? What are the common laws of worship?" It seems that I committed an offence this morning that would have cost me my life but for thy timely deliverance?

"The common laws of worship are the common laws of custom," he replied—"nothing more and nothing less."

"We have an elected divinity—we accept a certain given definition of this supposititious divinity, accompanied with a suitable code of morals and maxims."

When people are persuaded to pay homage to an elected divinity they are but offering homage to an image of self, placed before them in a deified or heroic form. This satisfies the idolatrous cravings of human nature.

Of course we in unison with all nations, worship the sun,—sun-worship is the one leading principle in all nations,—in that our faith is universal. That resplendent Orb that gladdens and illuminates the earth, and visibly controls the seasons is the acknowledged divinity in all nations.

However, the well instructed know that the sun is no divinity at all, but simply a huge planet, a dense body surrounded by a luminous flame-darting atmosphere, but only one of many similar Orbs moving in strict obedience to fixed mathematical laws. They are neither self-acting nor omnipresent, nevertheless this knowledge is wisely kept back as much as possible from the populace, for were science to unveil her marvels too openly,—were education and enlightenment dispensed freely to the masses of people, the result

would be, first, Atheism, next Republicanism, and finally anarchy and ruin.

To avert these evils and for the welfare of the country and the people we hold fast to a stated form of religious belief. There is not one in the "Inner circle" but knows that it is absolutely false; yet a false religion,—it is argued by those cunning crafty men,—is better for the masses; for they are closely allied to brutes,—if the moral sense cease to restrain, they give as much rein to their appetites and passions as hyenas and tigers, and in some natures the moral sense is only kept alive by fear,—fear of offending some invisible force that pervades the universe:—a cruel, despotic power whose terrible attribute is destructive and not creative power.

To propitiate and pacify an unseen Destroyer is the aim of all religions:—It is for this reason that human sacrifice is of frequent occurrence; to me it is a shuddering horror that could well be dispensed with.

"Since the religion of which you speak"—said Abram, "is merely a form of self-worship, why cannot all people worship themselves without consecrated altars and priestly service?"

"My friend without altars and priests no monarchy can stand; a monarchy can be held up only by an enforced religion. Greed is the God of kings and priests. It is by cunning and craft that the people are held in subjection. They say that a Supreme Deity whose character comprehends supernatural virtues is an impossibility;—but who knows,—there have been many disturbances of late,—the teaching of the philosophers has aroused a certain discontent,—and there

are those who are weary of perpetual sacrifice and the shedding of innocent blood.

Moreover there is a prophet who teaches that God exists, and with infinite love is seeking to redeem mankind. This prophet and many wise men because of their boldness in proclaiming their knowledge broadcast, are now languishing in prison.

"Most illustrious Zamula," does not the fact that these luminous bodies in the heavens, move according to law, prove an intelligence above all. Do not the heavens proclaim the truth, the truth that God is there ruling above all—a Supreme Being?

"I know not. No one knows—God is an unproved identity, for my part I am too honest to worship a supposititious divinity. The scientists prove that there is no God."

Abram replied: "God has identified himself. He has proved His identity. God has written his existence in nature and his law in the heart of man." "He has revealed himself in human history."

"Art thou acquainted with God?" Zamula asked—Abram replied: "That which is true can be known to a certainty, but a mere supposition can never be known as the truth, for the simple reason that it is not the truth."

Jehovah was known as King,—no one thought of taking the title, "King" until the mighty Nimrod became bold and arrogant enough to call himself king—but of whom is he king?—A groveling, fawning, abject people, who chose not to remember the one only King and when they became corrupt and could no longer govern themselves, it pleased them to set up a man after their own fashion, to rule over them.

But a glorious Era is approaching when the free thinking and free speaking people of all nations will govern themselves rejoicing in the sovereignty of universal liberty."

"I would it were here now," said Zamula. At that moment Sarai came carrying a salver on which were placed a flagon, two jeweled cups, and a basket of fruit. She approached Abram first, who surveyed her with great admiration and interest,—how becoming was the primrose gown she wore, and as he poured out some wine into one of those glittering cups he noticed an added charm to her beauty,—the charm of matured character developed by the recent experience through which she had passed.—Zamula glancing at her smilingly inquired, "What news, Sarai, fairest of the fair?" "Ill news, and evil rumors there are enough. I am much pained, as I hear the common talk of sad and suffering men; there are mobs and riots in the market place, since the early morning,—moreover Nimrod is filled with wrath and driveth furiously, riding in his glittering chariot, he drives two jet chargers regardless of anything in his way, men, women and children are ruthlessly trampled under foot."

"Enough. Hold thy peace," Zamula interrupted; "thou art much too fair for a messenger of woe."

"Pardon, Sir Poet; thou shouldst never hear of the strife and commotion amongst the coarser tribes of men,—thy path should be all woven sunbeams among roses." And she touched her head with her hand and smilingly went out, —the two young men watched her as she disappeared.

"She is a marvel of virtuous wisdom," said Zamula. I am sometimes amazed at the loftiness of speech with which she converses.

"Come," taking Abram by the arm—"we will walk in the garden,—the hour of sunset approaches, we will go to the green slope and behold the pomp and glory with which he goes down; and thou shalt tell me of God, for thou speakest as if thou art one akin to him."

Together they walked across the terrace out into the glorious garden, through winding paths of alternate light and shade. Here and there were the distant glimmer of tossing fountains. They ascended the hillock,—there Zamula threw himself gracefully down on the green turf pulling his friend down by his side.

Silently they gazed upon the resplendent panorama before them. The sun appeared to rest upon a sea of liquid gold with glistening rose color and blue fringed billows. The sky was of a dense yet misty blue; beaming shafts of light shot upward; far away in the distance floated white and blue clouds that looked like little fairy ships; below lay the City of Akkad, with its white domes, towers, and pinnacled palaces, on which the glory of the departed sun rested; through the misty haze it looked like a mirage rising on the border of a burning desert.

Then Zamula spoke: "I tell you, brother man, when I look upon the splendor of the heavens, I think, what a creature is man: And in my profoundest meditations, it seems to me, God exists, a vast, all glorious Being, who, in infinite wisdom controls and guides creation to some majestic end." This he said as he turned his soul hunger inquiring eyes upon Abram.

"True, my friend, God Is, he exists, the very term, creature, implies the Creator; and as certainly as an intelligent

creature is, he owes to the Creator all that he is, and in recognition of this fact, he owes to the Creator honor and devotion supreme; this in turn and the nature of things implies subjection and obedience on the part of the creature; and this is the principle of government."

Government exists in the very nature of the existence of intelligent creatures; each one owes all to the Creator. Accordingly the first principle of government is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This is the inherent principle of government, eternally true; and no expansion, no multiplication of intelligent creatures can ever alter its scope or meaning; this distinguishes individuality as an eternal principle.

However, just as soon as a second intelligent creature exists there is an additional relationship; there is now not only the primary and original relationship of each to the Creator, but also an additional and secondary relationship of each to the other.

This is the second principle of government, and it is one of absolute equality; it is expressed in the second of all commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Each himself alone in his own individuality is completely subject and devoted first of all to the Creator, because to him he owes all. And in this subjection and devotion to the Creator first of all, each honors every other intelligent creature as his equal; as equally with himself occupying his place in the design of the Creator, and responsible individually and only to the Creator for the fulfillment of that design.

The second eternal truth equally with the first distinguishes individuality as an eternal principle.

It is original government, it is also ultimate government, it is simply self-government in reason and in God.

Herein is revealed on the part of the supreme, the true Governor—Government with the consent of the governed."

Zamula appeared perplexed,—presently looking up, he said, "I know not of any such government as that."

"It depends upon the free choice of the individual," said Abram.

At that moment a servitor approached and handed Zamula a scroll, who unrolled it, and as he read it a troubled expression came into his face, then without saying anything he gave it to Abram who read it. Thus:

Istar, High Priestess of the Sun,
To Zamula, The King's Lauerate:

I desire thy presence at the banquet tonight. Bring thy guest with thee, that I may accord him a welcome.

Istar.

"What does it mean," inquired Abram greatly perplexed.

"It means that we are summoned to one of Istar's midnight banquets, thou as well as I. It is an honor that falls to few, a mandate that none dare disobey."

"Tell me Zamula, how could she know that I am a guest of thine?

"How could she know?"—in the way that she knows all the secrets of the realm. Istar has her secret commissioners everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the City, who report to her each circumstance that happens; and doubtless we were followed home, tracked step by step as we

walked together, by one of her stealthy footed servitors. In this there would be nothing unusual.

"If the City thus lies under the circumspection of a woman, how can there be any freedom?" cried Abram.

"My noble friend," said Zamula,—"Freedom"—'tis a delusive word, it embodies a vain idea: there is no freedom in life; all of us are bound in cords or restricted in one way or another; he who deems himself politically free is a slave to the multitude and to his own ambition; while he who shakes himself loose from custom and creed is still the slave of Desire, mastered by his appetites and passions. I tell you there is no freedom anywhere."

Zamula turned and said to the waiting page, "Tell thy mistress we obey her mandate."

Abram continued:—"God has created all intelligences absolutely free. Freedom of choice is essential to morals. To have man unable to choose would have been to make him incapable of freedom. God made all intelligences free to choose, and he ever respects that of which he is the Creator,—freedom of choice; and when, in the exercise of this freedom of choice, he chooses that his existence, with its consequent faculties and powers shall be spent strictly subject to the will and within the design of the Creator—this choice, on the part of God, the Supreme and true Governor, reveals the principle of the government with the consent of the governed. Thus the divine government as it relates to both the Governor and the governed, the creator and the creature, is demonstrated as well as revealed to be a government of perfect freedom."

"Well, cried Zamula. "In the presence of these principles,

how came the adverse and diverse governments that dominate the earth?"

"Consider. If from the moment existence was given to the first creature, unto the present hour every intelligent being had loved God Supremely and his neighbor as himself, had freely chosen to exercise all his faculties and powers according to the will and within the purpose of God, there would have been no sin, no evil in the universe; and then if at this moment an intelligence were to choose to exercise his faculties and powers, contrary to the will of God, and outside the purpose should choose not to love God with all his heart, soul, mind and strength,—that would be a new and strange thing in the universe, it would introduce something that was not there before; and that thing would be "Sin." In this way evil did enter."

"Come," said Zamula. "Let us to supper, the hour grows late, and thou shalt tell me, who, was he that made that bad choice, and thus plunged the whole world in this night of woe, and may we hope for the dawning of a better day—for there are times in spite of all my fame and the sweetness of existence, I weary of earth's days and nights, and find them far too brief and mean to satisfy my longings."

Abram looked at him with feelings of brotherly love and tenderness, and said, "Yes we may hope for a full realization of our noblest aspirations." And together they ascended the steps of the stately marble terrace and passed slowly across it, re-entering the palace where the sound of a distant harp alone penetrated the perfumed stillness; "It must be Sarai who is playing," thought Abram,—and what strange and plaintive chords she swept from the vibrating strings; they seemed

laden with the tears of broken hearted women of the ages—and ages yet to come.

Night had come, and the palace was lit up from end to end by thousands of colored lamps.

A most sumptuous repast was prepared for the Laureate and his guest, in a lofty, richly frescoed banquet hall, wonderful dainties and still more wonderful wines, were served in princely profusion, and while the strangely met and sympathetically united friends ate and drank, delicious music was played on stringed instruments by unseen performers,—when at intervals these pleasing sounds ceased, they supplied the left off harmonies with conversation that was brilliant, witty, refined, sparkling with light anecdote and youthful jest.

Presently the two friends became strangely silent; a shadow of dread darkened their countenances,—

“I have yet to learn the true meaning of Istar’s Summons,” said Abram.

“Istar,” said Zamula, “saw you this morning the only un-kneeling soul in that abject multitude, and hence, perhaps her present desire for our company. Nothing is hidden from her; she reads human nature as one reads an open scroll, and with merciless analysis she judges all men as being low creatures; to her ironical humor and icy wit the wisest sages seem fools; she probes them to the core and discovers all their weaknesses;—she has no trust in virtue, no belief in honesty. The virgin priestess, strong in the knowledge of mankind’s brute stupidity, governs the multitude with an iron will, intellectual force, and dictative firmness. And while she retains her magic charms she will hold the people in subjection. To the common masses she is a virgin, holy and undefiled, but there

have been strange rumors of late that if the truth were known, she counts her lovers by the score."

This Zamula said, and there was in his tones mingled pain and disdain.

"Now tell me my esteemed friend who was he, so arrogant as to assume to rule in opposition to the Ancient of Days?"

"It was with Lucifer that the sentiments and the utterances of Monarchy originated, the words of inspiration are, 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning: how art thou cut down to the ground,—For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God.' These are the utterances of arbitrary force; in these sentiments there is no intentional liberty at all. He intended to substitute in the place of God's government of love, his own government of arbitrary force. The result of this was that there was war in heaven, and the devil, the dragon was cast out.

"To him the parents of our race gave heed;—and the long night of woe settled down upon our world.

"Amidst this gloom, a star of wondrous beauty appeared, it was the star of Hope, revealing the transcendent and abiding truth,—that to every soul there is granted the right and the power to choose his own master. There are two masters contending for our allegiance. God using only the power of winning love; and the adversary, employing cunning and cruel force.

"If there had never been any sin, the history of this world as it has been would never have been at all. And it is certain that there can be no true understanding of the history of the world without an understanding of the problem of sin and

the solution of that problem; therefore, the true beginning of the study of history must be with the beginning of sin, not only in this world, but the beginning of sin where sin began.

"God in the very wisdom of God, has been present, not only through all the experience of the world, but before ever the world itself was; and there still will He be, after the world as it is, and all human experience, shall have ended forever.

"And it is only by the wisdom and the inspiration and the revelation of God, that the knowledge of sin and its origin can be known.."

"Come," said Zamula, "it is the hour of the banquet, come, and we shall soon be where men live in the present,—in the seductive loveliness,—in the fatal enchantments of Istar's pleasure, men become reckless of the future."

"Is it well to go into temptation?" inquired Abram.

"No, but the summons of the High Priestess of the Sun to one of her midnight banquets is a mandate that none dare disregard."

"Then may God deliver us from the subtlety of her charms forever," said Abram.

CHAPTER III.

ABRAM

In a short time they were passing through the broad avenues, and now almost deserted thoroughfares of Akkad to the palace of Istar.

Abram occupied a place in Zamula's chariot; there was no seat, and both he and Zamula stood erect; the latter using all the force of his slender brown hands to control the spirited prancing of the pair of milk white steeds; Abram with his hand on the shoulder of his companion. Onward they sped under the star lit sky; seemingly with the swiftness of the wind. At last they stopped; before them rose a brilliantly lighted, many pinnacled palace—a great gate stood open,—two servitors possessed themselves of the two prancing steeds, and led them with the chariot into an inner court yard,—and the two friends entered a broad, winding avenue through a woodland maze bordered with flowers. On they went for several paces, till at a short bend, directly in front of them glimmered a broad piece of water; and out of the depths, rose the white statue of an unveiled, perfectly formed woman,—a witching marble nymph illumined by electric glamour whose rounded and outstretched arms seemed to beckon them,—whose mouth smiled in mingled malice and sweetness,—and round whose looped up tresses sparkled a diadem of sapphire stones.

Strains of music greeted their ears,—music played on

stringed instruments, it was accompanied by a ringing clash of cymbals.

On they went into a rose marbled terrace, surrounded by orange trees; across it they passed,—and soon they were in a grand vestibule built of sparkling red granite,—adorned with wonderful statuary.

Suddenly a woman appeared, clad in a gown of shimmering gold, her face was hid by a white veil, only her eyes were seen. It was Istar advancing with gliding, graceful movements to greet them.

“Thou art late, Zamula,” she said, with an under current of laughter in her musical tones. “And this,” turning her veiled features toward Abram, who caught a luminous flash of those half hidden brilliant eyes,—

“This is the unwitting stranger who honored me with so daring a scrutiny this morning, verily thou hast a singularly venturesome spirit of thine own, fair sir, still we must honor courage even though it border on rashness, and I rejoice to see that the wrathful mob of Akkad hath left thee man enough to deserve my welcome. Nevertheless, thou wert guilty of most heinous presumption.” Here she extended her jeweled hand,

“Art thou repentant and wilt thou sue for pardon?”

Abram approached her and took that fair, soft hand in his own and kissed it. With a touch of lofty merriment he said :

“Nay, I seek not forgiveness, rather will I glory in my crime.”

“Thou art bold,” she said, in accents of indolent amusement, but in that there is something of the hero.

"Knowest thou not that I am Istar, High Priestess of the Sun? I could have thee slain for that unwise speech,—unwise because over hasty and somewhat over familiar:

"Yes, I could have thee slain," and she laughed a rippling little laugh, and said, "Howbeit thou shalt not die this time for thy fool rashness, thy looks are too much in thy favor."

With a careless movement she loosed her veil, and it fell like a soft cloud. She now moved toward the further end of the vestibule, and bade them follow; onward she glided toward what appeared to be a cliff of molten gems sparkling as every point with light and dark violet.

Arriving at the foot of this structure, Istar pressed a protruding knob of crystal, and lo,—the whole massive structure yawned suddenly open, suspending itself as it were in sparkling festoons of stalactites over the voluptuously magnificent scene disclosed. It was a vast circular hall roofed in by a lofty dome of malachite, from the center of which was suspended a large revolving globe flinging crimson rays on the amber colored carpet below. This dome was supported by tapering crystal-like emerald columns. On one side there were oval shaped casements set wide open to the night, through which the gleam of a lake laden with water lilies could be seen shimmering in the light of the moon.

The middle of the hall was occupied with a round table covered with draperies of gold, white and green and heaped with all the accessories of a sumptuous banquet; here were fruit and flowers in profusion; jeweled cups and massive golden dishes carried aloft by slaves, clad in white and scarlet,—the red glow of poured out wine.

And lounging on divans covered with embroidered satin

were a company of brilliant looking personages,— aristocrats, all young men, eating and drinking, gossiping with occasional bursts of laughter or snatches of songs.

Suddenly their noisy voices ceased, and all with one accord turned their heads toward Istar, who now descended the three steps from the platform into the hall, her two visitors following; the rocky screen closing behind them.

One young man, merry with wine, cried, “All Hail, Istar, goddess of the morn: we have been lost in the blackness of night; but now the clouds have vanished in the east and our hearts rejoice at the birth of day; Istar invests the heaven and the earth, and in her smile we live.”

Istar paid no heed to this tipsy salutation; she stood among her assembled guests who at once surrounded her with eager salutations and gracefully worded flatteries; smiling on them a strange scornful smile, yet bewitchingly sweet, she said little in answer to their greetings,—she moved as a queen moves through a crowd of courtiers, her dark head wreathed with jeweled serpents, lifted itself proudly erect. There was a frosty gleam of mockery in her eyes that made them look so lustrous, yet so cold.

At the further end of the table was a dais, richly draped in carnation silk,—a throne cushioned in black velvet was placed, and above it was a bent arch of pearl, on which was coiled a serpent composed of emeralds.

With slow, majestic ease Istar mounted the dais; at the sound of a bell two female servitors appeared and prostrated themselves at her feet and then arose and easily removed her mantle of gold. She was clad in a silvery white gossamer gown clinging and somewhat transparent; her waist was girdled

with a silver serpent, its head of sapphires, and just above her bosom was a fiery jewel which resembled the human eye, this singularly life-like jewel was absolutely repulsive as it moved to and fro with the breathing of the wearer.

Istar now ascended her throne in statuesque majesty, and sinking indolently amid its sable cushions, she shone in her wonderful whiteness like a glistening pearl set in ebony. She signed to her guests to resume their places at the table; she was instantly obeyed.

Zamula taking what seemed to be his accustomed place at right, Abram found a vacant corner at her left. At that moment a triumphant burst of music rushed through the dome, and the rush and buzz of conversation began. Two servants stood near Istar, waving large fans of peacock plumes slowly to and fro, which emitted a thousand jewel-like splendors.

A slave knelt on one knee, attired in scarlet, proffering a golden salver loaded with the choicest fruits and wines.

In this gay and gorgeous scene Abram surveyed this woman resplendent in all the startling seductiveness of her dangerous charms; and he was not insensible to the mesmeric spell that was certainly stealing over and intoxicating the entire being of all present,—should he yield to the magic spell?—Should he for one brief hour enjoy the love that kills? No, no! a thousand times no. It seemed to him that the destiny of multitudes and nations rested upon his integrity in that hour.

There was nothing repulsive in the half ironical, half mischievous merriment of these patrician revelers, their witticism was brilliant and pointed, but never indelicate,—but the soft, enervating sensualism of trained and cultured epicurean

aristocrats is a moral poison whose effects are so insidious as to be scarcely felt till all the native nobility of character has withered, and naught is left of the man but the shadow wreck of his former self.

As the banquet progressed, wine followed more lavishly; peal after peal of laughter echoed throughout the dome, all sorts of topics were discussed.

Abram now turned to hear what Istar was saying to Zamula,—

“And how is thy beauteous Sarai?

“Art thou still charmed with her marvelous singing?

“I hear that thou hast given her freedom, is that prudent, is she not safer as thy slave?”—

“The child is free to shape her own fate, her own future; I bind her no longer to my service.”

Istar's drowsy eyes shot forth a fiery glance from under their heavily fringed drooping lids.

Zamula met this glance with a mutinous look of determination.—She languidly took a goblet of wine, kissed the brim and handed it to him, he took it, drank from it and returned it. Istar refilled it and with soft animation and tenderness, turned to Abram and handed it to him; he took the cup and drank a little and with a slight salutation returned it.

“What a serious melancholy countenance is thine, Sir Abram,” she said abruptly,—thou art truly a man of strongly repressed and concentrated powers,—just the nature I love: I would there were more of thy proud and chilly temperament,—most men are full of folly, nervous are they, their heads are weak and apt to ache on small provocation, and their bodies cannot endure fatigue.

"Aye, but thou art a man clothed from head to foot in complete armour." She paused, and leaning forward so that the dark tresses of her fragrant hair touched his arm.

She turned and touched a bell at her side, it gave a sharp noise like a cymbal—and lo, the banquet table vanished—the broad center space of the hall was now clear from all obstruction,—and the drowsy revelers aroused themselves from their half inebriated languor. There was the sound of singing voices in the distance, and the globe of fire changed its hue from that of crimson to a delicate pink; nearer came the singing. From the extreme end of the vast hall a door opened,—and all at once a troop of girls came dancing into the full pinkness of the light that floated about them, their garments were white, filmy and clinging—they tripped forward and surrounded Istar,, fluttering, saluting her with gestures of exquisite grace and devoted humility, while she enthroned in supreme fairness, looked down upon them like a goddess calmly surveying a crowd of vestal worshipers. And when their salutations were done, they flocked like doves to the center of the hall, there they poised bird-like, with their snowy arms upraised, as though ready to fly, and waited—then came a tingling jangle of silver bells beating out a measured, languorous rythm,—and with one accord they all merged together in the voluptuous grace of a dance, ravishing and wild, there was fantastic grace in these fairy-like forms, as advancing, now retreating, now parting asunder with an air of coquetry and caprice—anon meeting again, and winding arm in arm,—bending forward in attitudes of entreaty, inviting love to soothe the sweetness of their lips with kisses.

The light changed from pale pink to delicate amber green. And now a flaring shaft of flame struck through like a sword from the farther end of the hall, and presently the whole wall opened and recoiling backwards on either side, disclosed a garden,—the green turf was lit up by the glory of the late moon, gold and green pavilions glimmered invitingly through the shadows of the great magnolia trees.

And there was a crash of cymbals; then a chime of bells,—a steady ringing, persuasive chime; and one maiden alone,—Peri-like floated seemingly from some far off place, glided into the full luster of the varying lights. The music now changed into a wild curious fantastic medley; to this the girl leaped forward with a startlingly beautiful abruptness,—and halting as it were on the boundary line between the dome and the garden beyond, raised her arms in a snowy arch above her head and paused, for an instant only. Dropping her arms again with swift decision, she straightway hurled herself, so to speak, into the giddy paces of a wild fantastic dance,—round and round she floated, sometimes bending wistfully toward the green turf as if listening to voices below, and sometimes waving her white hands upward as though in summons to spirits above.

Suddenly the music changed from appealing persuasive tones to that of martial-like fervor; the light changed to a dazzling pale green azure and again to a pearly clear white.

The girl's movements grew indolently slow—and from the shade there stepped forth a man, noble of form, clothed from chest to knee in a close fitting garb that looked like woven threads of gold; his hair was crowned with ivy, and at his belt the glittering sheath of a dagger; slowly and with

courtly grace he approached the maiden, who seemed to be drowsily footling her way into dreamland, he touched her shoulder,—she started with a gesture of surprise,—a brilliant smile dawned on her face,—withdrawing herself slightly, she assumed an air of sweet disdain and refusal, then capriciously relenting, she gave him her hand, and in another instant, to the sound of a joyful melody, the dazzling pair whirled away in a giddy waltz,—on they flew on the smooth green turf, under drooping flowers in the moonlight, with the radiations from the dome sparkling upon them. Gradually they vanished through the shadows beyond. The young men who had watched this dance through in silence and flushed ecstasy, now sprang from their couches and seizing the other dancing maidens who had until now remained in clustered, half hidden groups behind the columns of the hall, whirled them off into the inviting pleasure beyond.

And before Abram could quite realize what had happened, the great globe in the dome was suddenly extinguished, and through the merest glimmer of light he discovered that he was alone.

Zamula had disappeared, and while he was considering how to find his way out of those enchanted grounds—suddenly a hand was laid on him. It was Istar, her face was temptingly near his own,—

“Abram,” she said softly, and waited,—he was mute, unmoved,—

“Dost thou love me?” she cried.

“Lady, thou art fair, but I am too wise to love in the way of folly.” She bade him follow her, and in a moment he

found himself in an exquisitely adorned pavilion, faintly lit with rose luster, carpeted with gold color.

Here on a couch of stemless roses, Istar seated herself; she looked lovelier than ever, in the soft faint rose mingled with moon beams, her smile was no longer cold, but warmly sweet, her eyes had lost their mocking glitter.

"Abram," she said in tones of persuasive melody—

"If thou canst love me, thou shalt be honored above the noblest in the realm,—thou shalt rule with me over King and people; and we will make the land a pleasure garden for our love and joy."

"Nay, nay, fair lady, we who esteem ourselves the sons of God, have aspirations that are as limitless as space, as endless as eternity; while the joys which you offer are like bubbles that burst in the sunshine, or as gold crimson tinted clouds that dissolve away in a summer evening."

Istar looked at him steadfastly, an under gleam of malice in her eyes.

"Good sir, all men are oppressors of their brother man, insolent, self-opinionated, tyrannical, bound slaves of the earth on which they dwell, why should they live to carry their ignoble presence into the splendors of an eternity too vast for them to understand? Nay, I had thought thee to wise, it is for the credulous that we keep up a reasonless worship to an unproved Deity. We maintain this merely for the sake of state policy. Tomorrow thou shalt see with what glorious pomp and panoply we impose on the faithful, who like thee believe in their own deathless and divine natures, and enjoy to the full the conceit that tells them of their right to immortality.

"Come, do my bidding,"—and suddenly throwing back a rich, gold curtain, she disclosed a small inner chamber, hung with amber and crimson, where on a low couch covered with glistening draperies, lay the Laureate of the realm, sunk in a deep, drunken stupor, so deep as to be almost death-like. Abram looked upon Zamula with amazement. The couch was tumbled, his attire was disordered, his silken vest had been loosed, leaving his broad white chest bare; one arm was above his head, the other hung nervelessly, the relaxed fingers hovering immediately above a jeweled cup that had dropped from its clasp.

To the recumbent form of Zamula,—Istar pointed with loathing and contempt.

"See him," she said, "a drunken voluptuary, a false god of art,—he loves me, but I weary of his love,—I wish him dead. Thou shalt kill him. Here is thy weapon." Handing him a glittering dagger.

"Stab him to the heart, quick, while he is in that death-like stupor, let thy stroke be strong and unfaltering."

Abram had stood god like,—to the full height of his noble stature, his head erect, his arms folded serenely across his broad chest, his mouth firmly set, a brilliant light in his eyes.

"I spoke not of gods," he said, "neither does my faith embrace the form of worship that dominates this city; I worship God the Supreme Being, who lives and is favorable to him, who would rise from the low state in which he finds himself."

"O," she cried.

"Then thou art like the prophet, prating in the street about

the true God,—and he died miserably in the street yesterday.” This she said with a malicious little laugh.

“I, High Priestess, am the power absolute. I have caused empires to totter, and thrones to fall:

“I bid thee, kill him.”

Abram took the dagger in his hand, looking at it fixedly, and with a silent gesture he motioned her from him in stern repugnance. Catching sight of the sheeny glimmer of the lake, he flung the dagger far out towards the watery mirror; it whirled glittering through the air, and fell with a splash in the silvery depths, and gravely contented, he turned his eyes upon her, dauntless and serene in the consciousness of power.

“Thus do I obey thee,” said he in firm tones that thrilled through and through with scorn and indignation. Like an enraged queen she stood, a lurid anger blazed in her face, her eyes widened with wrathful wonder.

“Beware, beware of me! I will humble thee as I have humbled the proudest of thy sex, wheresoever thou goest I will track thee out and torture thee, and thou shalt die, miserably, horribly. Tonight be free—but tomorrow as thou livest, I will claim thee.”

“Tomorrow, Istar, thou shalt claim nothing, thou and I are common creatures of one Creator. Pray to God if thou canst, for thou hast need of prayer.”

She gazed upon him with dilated, terrified eyes, not a word did she utter in reply. Step by step she retreated from him, she let the draperies fall softly and so disappeared, leaving him alone with Zamula.

He stood for a moment, now he ventured to look through

the curtains that concealed Istar's pavilion ; she was not there. Now was the time to escape, thought Abram, while she was absent ; he would arouse his friend and once safe in his own palace, he would warn him of the death threatened him through the treachery of the woman he loved. And bending over him, he called, "Zamula, wake ! thee, man, for very shame's sake." And he shook him violently by the arm.

"Up, wake, danger threatens thee."

Thus speaking he managed to get his companion away.

Nothing appeared to hinder their progress, and soon they were safe in the poet's own palace. Very little was said, and each retired for the remainder of the night.

In the morning it was late, Abram crossed the hall and arrived at the door of the Laureate's private sanctuary, where gently drawing aside the rich draperies, he looked in for a moment without himself being perceived.

Zamula was reclining in a quaintly carved ebony chair ; his dress was of fine white linen, he wore neither myrtle wreath nor jewels ; his expression was serious, even noble, his attitude was one of unstudied ease that became him well.

Abram now advanced, and the Laureate sprang up delightedly.

"Ah, my noble friend welcome ; thou dost seem so sympathetically conjoined with me that I think I am but half myself in thine absence. Come, sit thee down, and break thy fast."

Abram looking into his bright, beautiful face was too deeply moved by his own inward emotions to reply immediately.

Two maidens advanced and placed salvers, on which were refreshments, before them and then withdrew.

Presently Zamula looked up perplexedly,—“What a night of strange delirium it was: I cannot recall what it was that happened; Istar must have given me something strange to drink; she was with me and when I would have kissed her, she coquettishly left me, and I remember no more till you shouted danger in my ears.”

Abram now related in detail his experience with Istar—repeating just the words that were spoken, but with choked and painful utterance at the words,—“Thou shalt kill him.”—At these words Zamula sprang up excitedly, he flew at Abram’s throat,

“Man, are you telling me the truth?”

Abram grasped him firmly but gently by the arms and re-seated him in his chair,—“Be calm, my friend, be calm,”—Zamula sank languidly, his face was ashen pale, but it was only for a moment, presently he was himself again, and said:

“Ah, well, you have delivered me from the treachery of that woman; many times she has told me that I am the only one whom she loves; how blind I have been: I have been a fool bewitched by a false woman’s beauty, but now thou hast taught me wisdom.

“But I fear evil is determined concerning thee, most esteemed friend; no one has ever escaped the wrath of Istar, who dared to set aside her mandate. I must shield thee.”

Abram now told Zamula that Sarai was his betrothed, that he with commissioners had been searching everywhere for her,—

“I have been in communication with my servants, they know all that happened. It is true, Istar has determined that

I shall die, but my servants are gone and will return with an armed host. Of this fact Istar knows nothing."

Zamula now with charming abruptness called to a valet and commanded him, "Tell Sarai that I desire her immediate presence." In another moment Sarai appeared—Zamula said :

'Come little heroine, receive thy lover ;' taking her hand, he led her to Abram, who was advancing to greet her, and when with grateful joy and emotion he had embraced her, Sarai looked at Zamula, he was very pale and greatly agitated. She demanded to know the cause of it.

Abram had composed himself, and now related to her, that he with commissioners had entered the city searching for her ; and that he had gone with the multitude to the Midsummer Benediction to the sun ; and that the illustrious poet had rescued him from the violence of the mob. And then of the summons of Istar to her midnight banquet and there, how she, with her flatteries and temptations had commanded him to kill Zamula ; and of her threat that he should be slain because he refused to do her bidding. At this Sarai was about to faint, but Abram hastened to tell her that an armed host would be there to rescue him, and to take them to their home in Ur.

At that instant the sound of approaching steps attracted their attention. It was one of the maidens of the household, a stately, dignified beauty ; her salute to Zamula was graceful, yet scarcely submissive,—

"Welcome, Lorenya, how refreshing, thou art the very bitter sweetness my soul desires, what is thy errand, my loveliest moonbeam ?"

With a look of majestic mutiny she said:—

“Thou art pleased to flatter thy slave; keep thy flatteries for another, to me they are all unwelcome.”

“My errand is to say that a priest of the Inner Temple waits without, and desires instant speech with the most illustrious Zamula.”

“A priest of the Inner Temple,” echoed the Laureate,—“a most unwelcome visitor, what business can he have with me.”

“I know not,” responded Lorenya, “he hath come hither, so he bade me say, by command of the absolute authority.”

Zamula’s face flushed and he looked troubled.

“Come,” taking Abram by the arm, “If we must needs receive this sanctified professor of many hypocrisies, we will do it with ease and suitable indifference.

“Bid yon waiting priest attend me, tell him that I can spare but a few moments.”

And soon she appeared, ushering in with ceremonious civility, a tall, mysterious, solemn looking individual; he sat down in a chair, and Zamula began the conversation.

“To what unexpected cause am I indebted for the honor of this present visit? Methinks I recognize the countenance of the famous Lazel, the High Priest of the Sacrificial Altar.”

Lazel spoke, and his low, hoarse voice was like the sound from the regions of ghouls, disturbing the sweet harmonies of the poet’s palace.

“The mission with which I am charged is, whereas thou hast of late avoided many days of worship at public service in the Temple so that many people who admire thee, likewise absent themselves. The Priestess undefiled, the noble Istar,

doth command thy presence tonight as a duty not to be fore-gone. For motives of state policy it is urgent that all who hold place, dignity and renown in the city should this night be seen as fervent supplicants before the sacred shrine, so may much threatened rebellion be appeased and order restored, out of impending confuson; this message I am bidden to convey to thee."

Turning to Abram, "And this is Sir Abram, guest of the King's Laurate, who blasphemed the gods in the presence of the High Priestess, and otherwise behaved in a most insolent manner; and she is justly offended, yes, she is filled with unappeasable wrath, and by her command "Absolute" thou must die,—tonight thou shalt be cast into the Altar of fire, thus shall the wrath of the gods be appeased. There are tumults and disasters, the hearts of all faint and sink for fear. And there is urgent demand that there shall be offered a sacrifice at the temple tonight, whereby further calamities may be averted. And that all the faithful shall in solemn unison implore the favor of Shamas.

"It was my intention," said Zamula, "to join the ranks of worshipers tonight, though for myself I have no faith in that worshp; the gods I ween are deaf and care not a jot whether we mortals weep or sing. And concerning the matter of sacrifice, it is a shuddering horror that should be abolished."

"I think not so," replied the priest calmly, "thou art well instructed in the capricious humors of men, it is a clamorous brute instinct in them which must be satisfied. Better therefore, that we the anointed priests should slay for the purpose of religion one victim, than that the ignorant mob should kill a thousand to gratify their lust for murder." Turning to

Abram, he said, "It is well for thee that thou art a stranger, for thou canst yet save thy life by humble supplication and sworn obedience to the power absolute." And without another word he went out.

Zamula looked at Abram imploringly, dumb with horror, Sarai flung her arms about him, and besought him to save his life.

Abram was unmoved; his brow was lofty. Presently a smile crept over his inspired countenance, as he said:—

"Why, those people boasting 'Absolute Authority,' are like toads looking at the sun. Hearken, beloved, fear them not. There is one only Absolute; Him I fear. This night there will be from his courts on high, a commission, a guardian angel, in whose presence, Istar, with all her dupes, the priests, the king and his armies will be as powerless as the toads looking at the sun. Though they cast me into the furnace of fire, I shall pass through and come out of it with no odor of fire upon my garments, if it be according to God's will. Whatever happens it shall be well with my soul. The army from Ur may arrive in time to rescue me, but I trust in God, more than in an armed host.

"Give attention Sarai, chosen of my heart, and Zamula, my esteemed friend,—beyond the shadow of death, there is a country, in it no dark valley at all, everywhere light, and fulness of joy and love, and there is no death there. It is God's country. My loyalty is to Jehovah the King, the great high priest in the heavens, and my patriotism is for His country.

Zamula now went out, leaving Abram alone with Sarai. Abram now told Sarai that should he acknowledge the power

of Istar, or even feign obedience to save his life, they would be slaves, ever subject to the capricious humor of an unscrupulous woman, ruling in the assumed and dignified name,—government, "Absolute Authority."

Moreover, should he yield in the least he would prove himself disloyal to the Most High.

Zamula was with Lorenya, Myra and Athazel, telling them about Abram and Sarai, and all the things that had happened, and how the powers had decreed to offer Abram as a sacrifice to Shamas.

Presently a valet approached, announcing that two priests, with armed officers were without, demanding to speak with Abram, guest of the Laureate.

"Bid them in," said Zamula sternly.

Abram was called. Now when Abram would not retract at all, they led him away.

The matchless courage of Abram had strengthened Sarai and Zamula, but some things are too strong for all but the strongest. Sarai fainted. Zamula supported her to a couch, while the other maidens brought restoratives. She was soon revived and retired to seek strength by prayer, and to make request of God for the life of her lover.

The hours steadily wore on, a singularly profound stillness reigned everywhere. In the west a cloud, black as the blackest midnight, lay heavy and motionless, fringed at the edges with tremulous lines of gold, beamy threads of lightning played through it now and again, poised above it was the sun looking like a ball of dim fire, destitute of rays—a moment, and the sun dropped suddenly into the darkness, purple shadows crept across the heavens like a vast hall spread in

readiness for a solemn state burial—strangely fascinated the maidens watched the gathering storm,—Zamula exclaimed:

“A storm is coming, 'twill break tonight: What a night of horrors it will be; I would it were past. A shudder ran through his delicate frame, his face was pale.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPLE

The vast stillness, the vast night was full of solemn weirdness. Presently the deep booming of a great bell smote heavily on the stillness. The temple of Shamas was lit up from base to summit. Twelve revolving stars on its twelve tall turrets cast forth penetrating beams into the darkness of the night. The doors stood open, and a thunderous hum of solemn music vibrated in waves of sound through the densely hot air. Enormous crowds of people were fast filling the temple. There was a dim, yet sparkling splendor in the immense dome above, lights twinkled everywhere. There were distant glimpses of jeweled shrines, and the luring faces of grotesque idols.

But the place of the inner shrine was spanned by an arch of pale blue fire from right to left, there from huge vessels, burning incense arose in thick and odorous clouds—there children clad in white stood about as still as statues, their hands folded and their eyes downcast. The sanctuary itself was not visible.

Before the holy of holies hung the dazzling folds of the Silver Veil. Across it in large characters was:—

I AM THE PAST, THE PRESENT,
THE FUTURE
NO MORTAL KNOWETH MY NAME

There Nimrod was seated directly in front of the veil, Zamula was near him at his right hand. Presently out of a side arch way came a band of priests walking two by two, waving palm bows, these were clothed in purple and wore ivy wreaths; they marched sedately, chanting inaudibly; arriving at the lowest step of the shrine they prostrated themselves.

The glistening veil moved, again it moved, waving to and fro; again it moved, then it began to part in the middle very slowly.

A figure, angelically fair appeared, the central jewel of the stately shrine, Istar, High Priestess of the Sun, gloriously arrayed in Sin. She stood still; her hands folded across her breast, her eyes turned upward, her robe was pearly white, her diadem of serpents was a sparkling flame. Her arms were bare. The great symbolic eye flared from her bosom on all sides. After a brief pause, she unfolded her arms and raised them with a slow majestic movement above her head. She lifted up her voice and chanted:—

“Give glory to the Sun O, ye people; for his light doth illumine your darkness.”

The people murmured, “We give him glory.”

“Give glory to Shamas O, ye people; for he alone can turn aside the wrath of the immortals.”

“We give him glory,” rejoined the multitude.

There was a time of strange silence; all loud music ceased, the lights in the body of the temple were lowered; the back of the sanctuary parted asunder, disclosing a huge image with outstretched arms. Then the priest, Lazel, advanced to the foot of the shrine with slow, solemn step, and spreading out

his hands in the manner of one pronouncing a benediction, said loudly:

“Shamas the divine doth hear the prayer of his people: Shamas the supreme doth accept the sacrifice: Bring forth the victim.” There was stern authority in the last words.

A dreadful silence ensued. Suddenly a slight shudder of morbid expectancy seemed to quiver through the vast congregation. There was a loud burst of music.

The arms of the great image spread apart, revealing a furnace of fire. The victim appeared and was being lowered into the fire. * A flash of time, an appalling roar of thunder, a dazzling flash of light in which appeared a majestic being not of earth. At the same time the startling boom of an approaching army and the tramping of horses. Then there followed a sudden calm; for a moment all was light and clear in which the mighty Abram was seen beside Zamula. King, priestess and priests had fallen as though dead, but soon arose. All the congregation were dumb with fear and amazement. Zamula and Abram were passing out.

Suddenly a blood curdling shriek was heard. Shriek after shriek resounded through the dome of the temple. It was Istar.

Now in the precincts of the temple there was an underground den of serpents. Victims were often cast alive to these serpents. It sometimes happened that a vestal virgin broke her vows, by wishing to wed, and when it was discovered that she secretly but truly loved a young man, she and the young man were cast alive into this den of snakes.

* “When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned. When thou passest through the flame it shall not kindle upon thee.” Isa. 43:2.

One of the huge snakes had broke loose at the time of Abram's deliverance, and with a stealthy spring had fastened its coils about Istar's waist. The captor was a captive now, doomed to the same horrible death to which she had consigned so many of her victims. She and those with her had cherished the deadly poison that withers the soul, the deadly poison of doubt, the denial of God's existence. Now came death as sudden and fierce as the leap of the desert panther upon its prey.

Zamula and Abram, with attendants, made haste and were soon at the poet's home. Sarai and the other maidens had remained at home, waiting with mingled hope and fear. And now when they saw Abram with Zamula, their joy and amazement was simply indescribable.

It was very late that night when all retired for rest. But Zamula could not sleep. He was face to face with a crisis—even the crisis of his existence, the moment had come for him to decide: The God of Abram had decidedly proven his existence in demonstration of divine wrath against the cruel power of force and had delivered his servant who trusted in Him.

Yet Zamula was gloomy, shadows deep and dark were all about him; for to believe in God would mean more than a change of garment, or a change of opinion. He had never prayed. He thought of Abram, and now he prayed. His prayer was mingled with intelligent thought and became the medium by which the soul is brought in contact with the Infinite on high. The shadows fled, all heaviness was gone, and a calm, quiet assurance filled his soul. Difficult to ex-

plain, but it was a new life, it was another life. The Master made it plain. Seekers of God in all ages and all climes have understood the secret.

Radiant and charming was the morn that broke in upon that peaceful household, but the soul of Zamula was more radiant than all nature, a vast dawn of ideas had illuminated his mind by whch was swept away the prejudices, the wraths, the fictions, and the systems which had been inculcated in his mind from infancy.

Zamula gave command and all the household, the maidens and the servants, assembled in the banquet hall, for they were to hear good news.

Zamula with glowing heart and illuminated countenance told them that the power by which Abram had been saved from the fiery sacrifice, is the creator and true King, and that his allegiance should be to Him henceforth, forever.

Furthermore, that they are all his brethren, even the little valets with their curly heads and dusky skins, and many other things he said to them, causing light to enter the darkness of their understanding.

And when they understood that they were no longer slaves, they could not refrain giving loud expression to the joy and gladness that thrilled them through and through.

After a little while Zamula stood up and signaled silence. He was instantly obeyed.

He told them that Sir Abram and Sarai were eager to depart for their home. But before leaving, their marriage ceremony would take place and that another couple would be united at the same time, himself and Lorenya, for Lorenya

had consented to become his wife, and that preparations would immediately begin.

Now, who of them would choose to remain and serve them? All, with the exception of two persons, bad tempered, who understood nothing at all, would be happy to serve the illustrious Zamula and the adorable Lorenya.

Soon each one understood what he was to do, then the hum and buzz of preparation began.

Rare taste and simple elegance characterized all preparation. The style of the cloaks, robes and veils was that of Grecian simplicity, with a touch of Oriental gorgeousness.

Sarai and Lorenya were dressed alike in shimmering white, with pearl ornaments and jeweled diadems on their hair. Their veils appeared to be woven moonbeams. Their maids wore robes of pale blue with sapphire ornaments and wreaths of flowers on their hair.

Zamula and Abram were arrayed in dark brilliant blue, with collars and epaulets of white adorned with diamonds. Their cloaks were of shimmering pearl white, they wore myrtle wreaths on their hair, their belts were of gold. The men attendants were dressed in carnation, with white collars. They wore ivy wreaths in their hair.

When the hour was come for the wedded pair of Ur to start on their journey, several camels stood at the gates. Their covering was purple and gold. The one for Sarai had a canopy draped in gold color. And there was a bodyguard waiting at the gates; this consisted of two hundred soldiers clad in armour, on superb horses, mounted and panoplied. Messengers had gone before to carry the good tidings to the

families of Abram and Sarai; and they would be gathered to receive the exiled home again.

Perfect was the day on which that marvelous procession passed through the fertile valley of the Euphrates; fanned by the gentle summer breezes, laden with aroma of sweet odors and spices, wafted by the south wind from Arabia the happy.

At length they reached their home city, and were soon at the gates of the palatial residence of Sarai's parents. At that moment the sun was resting his chin upon the silvery crest of a crimson tinted cloud, smiling as he was about to drop the curtains of night upon a scene of greeting—a greeting, the crowning joy of a perfect day.

FOOT NOTE

The story of Abram in conflict with sun worship is based only upon tradition, but it serves to characterize the nature of despotic government of that day, and the clash of principles that existed then and always, even to the present hour.

It also portrays the integrity of Abram which made it possible for him to fill the high commission to which he was subsequently called of God. His name being changed to Abraham.

CHAPTER V.

THE EMPIRE FOUNDED BY NIMROD EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS LATER

"Nimrod's ambition was continued by others in that day, and has been continued to the present hour. But it was a task ; it cost a mighty and long continued struggle for imperial power so to fix and establish itself as to reign in undisputed sway.

"Nimrod began it and after him others continued it in Assyria, Egypt, later Assyria and Babylon. It required the exercise of all the power of all these dominions in succession to establish recognized imperial sway.

"It required the imperial hammering of all these in succession to subdue the native love and assertion of individual God given freedom in mankind that it would at last submit unresisting to imperial sway. Yet they all continued it for eight hundred years reducing the people to the condition presented in the Bible in the Assyrian's own boast, that he was enabled to gather the riches of the people as one gathers eggs from under a sitting hen when she is so subdued that she neither 'moved the wing nor opened the mouth nor peeped.' And so it continued until the Empire of Assyria was finally broken down by a concerted revolt of Babylon, Egypt and Media.

"Then came Nebuchadnezzar, 'the terrible of the nations,' and the conquests made by this 'terrible of the nations' was

indeed so terrible, after this so long and so severe pressure that had been put upon them by Assyria, that at last they were so worn by the perpetual hammering which was now heavier than all in the strokes of this 'hammer of the whole earth,' that they yielded.

"They practically accepted the situation as one which could not be escaped, and sat down in sullen submission to one single world power.

"Then began the second phase of history. The ambition for empire had now triumphed; and now it was to be demonstrated just what empire in full and undisputed sway would do.

"What Babylon did in undisputed sway of empire was, through luxury and vice, to sink herself in everlasting ruin, in only twenty-three years from the death of Nebuchadnezzar.

"Then worldly empire in undisputed sway fell to Media and Persia.

"In one hundred and ninety-six years, this power from exemplary temperance and sobriety, fell to such luxury and vice that she, too, must sink forever: to be succeeded by the world empire of Grecia in undisputed sway. She, too, pursued the same course to the end; to be in turn succeeded by the world empire of Rome in undisputed sway. And this in turn, to pursue the same course in the same way and to the same end —annihilating ruin.

"Thus world empire in undisputed sway had demonstrated in the fullest possible measure and in intense degree, precisely what it would do, and only what it could do, when exercised

in fullest and absolutely undisputed measure.—*The Empires of the Bible*, pp. 18-20, vs. 2-5.

Rome ruled the world from B. C. 390—A. D. 410, that is, for a period of seven hundred and ninety years. During that time no hostile foot, other than that of a prisoner or suppliant had pressed its soil. The fullness of all human vitality was concentrated in a single head, all the world mounted to the brain of one man. All roads led to Rome, all power flamed from it. The strong man was at rest and his goods were in peace.

But such is not the plan of the Supreme and Incorrumpible Equity. The time had been appointed that a stronger man should appear. “To the mighty Rome, God sent His Son, to make perfectly plain the way of righteousness and self government, in view of judgment to come. And when this most exalted One thus humbled Himself and came to show the way, He came saying to God, His Father, ‘I am Thy servant forever.’”

“I delight to do Thy will, O God; yea Thy law is within my heart.” “I can of mine own self do nothing.” “The Father that dwelleth in me, He doth the work.” “My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me.” “He gave me a commandment what I should say, and what I should speak, I came, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.” “Not my will, but Thine be done.” This He did all of His own free eternal choice. And thus He not only showed the way, “but He is eternally ‘the way’ of true, original and ultimate government, that is self-government under God, and in God. This government is found only in Christ.”—*Id.* He took away the leprosy of sin

without taking anything from the human mind. He presented the future with the star of Liberty on its brow; on it the glowing eyes of all generations have been turned.

The light that He shed abroad over the world, was a revealer of dark secrets under the throne. This disquieted the strong man. He could not rest, and he grew very angry.

Officers were sent to arrest the great Teacher, and when they came and were in the presence of the serene Majesty, they stood still and listened, and they were amazed and charmed at the gracious words that fell from His lips; and they went away. To the question, "Why have ye not brought him?" they simply replied, "Never man spake like this man."

Then all the power of earth arose to destroy Him, and to crush out of existence the living principles which He taught.

They crucified Him, and made His body secure with the seal of the mighty Rome in Joseph's new tomb.

But that did not prevent Him from making good an appointment which He had made with His disciples. "Then the disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, 'All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations.' "

Thus He sent forth an army of school masters, the only army that civilization acknowledges.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MIGHTY ONE

This drama is a winged march through the ages; its halting places are at crises in the history of humanity. The leading personage is God; the second is man; and there is a third. The third person in this drama is his majesty the Evil One.

When Rome, which had come to be regarded as the eternal city, and whose majesty awed the world, fell, and was sacked by the furious Gauls, there was then no more centralized power.

Then that mysterious genius of ambition for empire did not know what to do. So he went down by the seaside; and there on the sands of the sea, he stood and meditated. Soon he saw a strange thing rise up out of the sea.

Of those who had gone forth as teachers of Christianity, there were many who did not understand Christ at all, these loved Eminence, and they sought for places of Preeminence. Then said the evil one, I will be a Christian, too, I will join myself to them. Then Constantine made a law that Christians should rest upon the "Venerable day of the Sun."

The throne of the Caesars was displaced for the chair of St. Peter. A man was exalted in the place of God, a woman in the place of Christ and tradition in the place of the Bible. The man of sin had taken the name and the throne of his discarded rival, even assuming the name of the church of the

Bible—"Holy Catholic Church," it is also known in history as the Holy Roman Empire.

But it was ancient, unhealthy, poisonous; it was the serpent's change of skin.

"Then came the third phase of history; and it is still apostasy and empire. No lesson was learned by men, of the essential vanity of empire; so that in the presence of the best opportunity ever offered since the peopling of the earth after the flood, no attempt was made to recognize the individuality of man, and to cultivate this, in recognition of God, and to the true glory of God and man. But the apostate church, which professed to be in the world for this very purpose, and which still remained amidst the ruins of the vanished Roman empire, instead of taking this position in the world, and appealing to and building upon this principle in men, simply exalted herself in the same old sinful ambition of imperial world power.

"Into this she deceived herself by the seduction that in all these instances of the past, empire had fallen of itself, and had failed to save the world, 'because the rulers were bad, and because the system was only of the world itself.' 'But if there could be the reign of the 'good people' and the system be not of the world but of 'the church,' this being empire which both in itself and in its essential system was divine, 'must certainly bless and save the world.'" "Only let us, the good people, have the power. Let the men of God —the bishops—have dominion. Recognize their authority. Let them with the dictates of the church have full sway. Then the government and empire will be but the kingdom of God itself. The em-

pire being the Kingdom of God, the capital city of the church, being the capital city of the Kingdom of God, will be the very city of God,—the eternal city.”—*Id.*, pp. 20, pars. 1, 2, 3.

“The ancient Franks until the time of Clovis, were all pagans. In A. D. 496, Clovis professed conversion. In the beautiful Cathedral of Rheims, with all the solemn splendor and magnificence of the papal ritual, the ferocious warriors of the terrible army which followed this monarch were enrolled in the ranks of the church militant. Clovis himself was anointed with ‘Celestial oil,’ which, we are gravely told, was borne from heaven to earth in a vial, a snow white dove being the carrier. Clovis and three thousand of his troops were there baptized, and their example was followed by the remainder of the ‘gentle barbarians.’ The baptismal sermon was performed with the utmost pomp. The church was hung with embroidered tapestry and white curtains, floods of incense, like airs of paradise, were diffused around; the building blazed with countless lights. When the new Constantine knelt in that font to be cleansed from his heathenism, ‘Fierce Sicambrian,’ said the bishop, bow thy neck; burn what thou hast adored, adore what thou hast burned.’”

Later, during the religious conference, the bishop dwelt on the cruelty of the Jews, at the death of our Lord. Clovis was moved, but not to tenderness.

“Had I and my faithful Franks been there,” said he, “they had not dared to do it.”

“The adoption of the Catholic faith, arrayed upon the side of the Frank, all the papal prelates and their followers. From one end of the Roman empire to the other, of all the princes

and sovereigns of christendom, Clovis alone was orthodox.

"The Franks were the chosen champions of Catholicism, and amply was their gallantry repaid by the church, which vindicated all their aggression upon innocent neighboring kingdoms, and aided in every way the consolidation of their formidable power.

"The French monarch received the title, 'Most Christian Majesty,' and 'Eldest Son of the Church.' Later, during the days of Pepin, the pope himself visited France, and in the monastery of St. Denis, placed the diadem on Pepin, anointing his head with oil in the name of the Lord, making him King by divine right: and truly has the historian Michlet said, 'This monarchy of Pepin, founded by the priests, was devoted to the priests.'

"The result of the reign of the so-called 'best people' of the earth was simply the worst oppression, the fiercest despotism, and the most terrible hammering that was ever put upon any people by any power on the earth. For this was a despotism over both body and soul, and demonstrated itself to be simply an unmitigated curse, politically, socially and morally." *Id. p. 21, par. 2.*

This was a church kingdom which ruled the kings of earth. At the anathemas of the Pope, the proudest monarchs of Europe trembled and grew pale. Witness King Henry IV. of Germany, making his way over the Alps in the cold of winter unprotected, to seek reconciliation with the Pope whom he had offended; and when he arrived at Rome, he was told that the Pope was at Cannosa, visiting a widow, a friend of his. Then to Cannosa, King Henry went, there he stood three days in the cold, barefoot with head uncovered.

To the questions, "Are you not cold?"
"Yes, I am very cold."
"Have you no shoes, no hat, etc.?"
"Yes, I have a jeweled crown, jeweled shoes and many rich robes."
"Why do you not wear them?"
"The Pope is angry with me."
"Well, who are you?"
"I am King Henry of Germany."
"But man, why do you not call your servants, and why do you not command your armies?"
"My servants will not come at my call, and my armies will not obey me. They believe that the Pope has all power on earth above all kings and that he can punish whom he will, in this present world, not only that, they believe also that he holds the keys to the world to come, that he has all power over heaven and hell, that he can open and shut these for whomsoever he will."

By assuming to recognize the power absolute of the Pope, Henry obtained reconciliation.

This one instance serves to illustrate the fact that all Europe was filled with these ideas of the absolute power of the visible church.

That the thinking principle in man can be thrust down, dragged, pinioned there by obscure tyrannies of fatality, that it can be bound by no one knows what fetters in that abyss, is sufficient to create consternation.

Yet such was the conquest of the human mind during the "Dark Ages."

Let us, who now live in the blazing light of the noonday

sun, place ourselves by imagination in that day, and hear the cry,—Alas: will no one come to the succor of the human soul in that darkness? Will she forever summon in vain the lance of light of the ideal? Is she condemned to hear the fearful approach of Evil through the density of the gulf, and to catch glimpses, nearer and nearer, beneath the hideous water, of that dragon's head, that mane streaked with foam, and that writhing undulation of claws, swellings and rings? Must it remain there, without a gleam of light, without a hope, given over to that terrible approach, shuddering, wringing its arms forever, chained to the rock of night, naked amid the shadows? Will not the truth, the daylight of the soul come? Is she destined to await forever the mind, the liberator, the combatant or hero of the dawn, who shall descend from the azure between two wings, the radiant knight of the future. In the darkness of that night, behold, John Huss on bended knees, his arms outstretched to heaven, imploringly inquiring:

Is that the church established by the Master, while here on earth? Is that the way he meant when he sent forth his army of schoolmasters, that they should do and teach?

To John Huss the light came: his mind was directed to the Scriptures in reply to that question. Is that the church of the Bible? The description given in the Bible of that church, is, "the man of Sin," "the son of perdition," "the mystery of iniquity," that wicked "Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," and "the beast" that would "wear out the saints of the Most High."

"John Huss thought that the Pope would be glad to know the truth and he went to Rome, to tell it to him, but instead

of gladly receiving the message, he caused Huss to be put in prison. Later, he was condemned to be burned at the stake because he taught that the Roman Catholic church is not the church of the Bible. Huss, in the dungeon, in chains, just before his death, dreamed that certain persons had resolved to destroy in the night, all the pictures of Christ that were on the walls of Bethlehem chapel, in Prague, where he used to preach ; and that, indeed, they did destroy them.

“But the next day many painters were engaged in drawing more pictures, and more beautiful ones, than were there before ; upon which Huss gazed in rapture. When the painters had finished, they turned to the company of people who were looking on, and said, ‘Now, let the bishops and priests come and destroy these pictures.’

“And a great multitude of people joyed over it ; and Huss rejoiced with them. And in the midst of the laughter and rejoicing he awoke.

“There were no real pictures of Christ on the walls of Bethlehem Chapel. There were inscribed only the Ten Commandments, The Lord’s Prayer, and single verses of precious scripture.

“Of the dream, Huss said, ‘I hope that the life of Christ which, by my preaching in Bethlehem, has been transcribed upon the hearts of men, and which they meant to destroy there, first, by forbidding preaching in the chapels and in Bethlehem ; next by tearing down Bethlehem itself, that this life of Christ shall be better transcribed by a greater number of better preachers than I am ; to the joy of the people who love the life of Christ. Over which I shall rejoice when I am awake ; that is, rise from the dead.’

"And as he stood at the stake, made fast to it by a chain, he said, 'It is thus that you silence the goose *; but a hundred years hence there will arise a swan whose singing you shall not be able to silence.'

"Matthias of Janow, as he was dying, said to his sorrowing friends: "The rage of the enemies of the truth now prevails against us; but it will not be forever. There shall arise one from among the common people, without sword or authority, and against him they shall not be able to prevail."

The hundred years passed. And then came from among the Monks, the "swan" of Huss, the one from "the common people" of Matthias, Martin Luther.

It was on July 6, 1416, that John Huss was burned at the stake.

"On the morning of October 31, 1517, the Elector Frederick of Saxony in his Castle Schweinitz, about eighteen miles from Wittemberg, related to his brother, Duke John, and his chancellor, the following experience:

The Elector—"Brother, I must tell you a dream which I had last night, the meaning of which I should like much to know. It is so deeply impressed on my mind, that I will never forget it were I to live a thousand years. For I dreamed it thrice and each time with new circumstances."

Duke John—"Is it a good or a bad dream?"

The Elector—"I know not; God knows."

Duke John—"Don't be uneasy about it, but be so good as to tell it to me."

The Elector—"Having gone to bed last night, fatigued and out of spirits, I fell asleep shortly after my prayer, and

* The word "Huss" in the Bohemian language is equivalent to goose.

slept quietly for about two hours and a half. I then awoke, and continued awake till midnight, all sorts of thoughts passing through my mind. Among other things, I thought how I was to observe the feast of all saints. I prayed for the poor souls in purgatory; and supplicated God to guide my counsels, and my people, according to the truth.

"I again fell asleep, and then dreamed that Almighty God sent me a Monk, who was a true Son of the Apostle Paul. All the saints accompanied him by order of God, in order to bear testimony before me, and to declare that he did not come to contrive any plot, but that all that he did was according to the will of God. They asked me to have the goodness to graciously permit him to write something on the door of the church of the castle of Wittemberg. This I granted through my chancellor.

"Thereupon, the Monk went to the church, and began to write in such large characters that I could read the writing at Schweinitz. The pen which he used was so large, that its end reached as far as Rome, where it pierced the ears of the lion that was crouching there; and caused the triple crown upon the head of the pope to shake.* All the cardinals and princes, running hastily up, tried to prevent it from falling. You and I, brother, wished also to assist; and I stretched out my arm, but at this moment I awoke, with my arm in the air, quite amazed, and very much enraged at the Monk for not managing his pen better, I recollected myself a little. It was only a dream.

"I was still half asleep, and once more closed my eyes. The dream returned. The lion, still annoyed by the pen,

* Leo X. was then Pope.

began to roar with all his might; so much so that the whole city of Rome and all the states of the holy empire ran to see what the matter was. The pope requested them to oppose the monk, and applied particularly to me on account of his being in my country. I again awoke and repeated the Lord's prayer, entreated God to preserve his holiness, and once more fell asleep.

"Then I dreamed that all the princes of the empire, and we among them, hastened to Rome and strove one after another to break the pen. But the more we tried the stiffer it became, sounding as if it had been made of iron. We at length desisted. I then asked the Monk (for I was sometimes at Rome and sometimes at Wittemberg) where he got the pen, and why it was so strong? 'The pen,' he replied, 'belonged to an old goose of Bohemia—a hundred years old. I got it from one of my school masters. As to its strength, it is owing to the impossibility of depriving it of its pith and marrow; and I am quite astonished at it myself.'

"Suddenly I heard a loud noise—a large number of other pens had sprung out of the long pen of the Monk.

"I awoke the third time; it was daylight."

Duke John—"Chancellor, what is your opinion? Would we had a Joseph or a Daniel enlightened by God."

The Chancellor—"Your highness knows the common proverb, that the dreams of young girls, learned men and great lords have usually some hidden meaning. The meaning of this dream, however, we will not be able to know for some time,—not till the things to which it relates have taken place. Wherefore, leave the accomplishment to God, and place it wholly in His hand."

Duke John—"I am of your opinion, Chancellor, 'tis not fit for us to annoy ourselves in attempting to discover the meaning. "God will overrule all for His glory."

The Elector—"May our faithful God do so. Yet, I shall never forget this dream. I have indeed thought of an interpretation; but I keep it to myself. Time, perhaps, will show if I have been a good diviner."

At noon of that very day, the interpretation began, the meaning to be made plain. For at that hour, without having made known to anybody his intentions, the Monk, Martin Luther, nailed to the door of Wittemberg church his ninety-five theses against Rome.

"The Reformation had arisen, never more to be put down. Luther in Germany, Zwingle in Switzerland, and soon others with these and everywhere, to the joy of a great multitude, were engaged in restoring the image of Christ in the lives of men.

"And among the laughing and rejoicing peoples, there were two hundred congregations of reformation Christians in Bohemia, who were descended through the long night and had watched eagerly for the promised day.

"What it meant to all, was summed up in words and sounded forth in the voice of one in curious garb, holding aloft a large cross, and chanting in a tone that seemed fitted to cause the dead to hear, as Luther entered the city of Worms:—

"Thou art come, O desired one: thou for whom we have longed and waited."

"Through a hundred years the Roman church has demonstrated that for the reformation, for the church and Chris-

tianity which the Reformation revealed, she holds only perpetual enmity. In this additional field, the field of the strictly spiritual, the Roman church had further proved to all the world the truth that the reformers preached, that she is not the true church in any feature nor in any sense."

It was the Reformation that blazed the way for the appearance of "Columbia, Queen o' the Nations."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEQUEL

THEN CAME THE REVOLUTION

COLUMBIA

“In the year 1743, in a Boston town meeting, behold Samuel Adams tribune of New England against Old England, of America against Europe, of Liberty against Despotism.

“Thirty-three years before the declaration of Independence, Samuel Adams declared, in a latin discourse, the first flashes of the fire that blazed in Fanuel Hall and kindled America, that it is lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved. He struck the keynote of American Independence which still stirs the heart of man with its music.

“The fire kindled was from a coal brought to earth by an angel’s hand with the tongs from the altar in heaven

“The people of the new land with high hopes had left the old world in order to escape the tyranny of priests and kings. They said, ‘Of priests and kings we have seen enough; we will govern ourselves.’ Old England said, ‘You must come under our system and we will rule over you.’

“Then the embattled farmers at Lexington and Concord opened fire at the tyrant and the battle of the ages was on.

“From the bed of her revolutionary birth, a republic arose, founded upon the principles announced by Jesus Christ. It

was the first government of that kind to appear in the history of nations.

"It was with amazement that the kingdoms of the old world beheld the appearance of Columbia, Queen o' the Nations, majestic in her beautiful robe of precious principles.

"No true child of the United States, looking back to the days of the nation's birth can refrain from a feeling of joy and pride. The purity of the lives of 'the fathers,' the loftiness of their principles and precepts, and the rectitude of their intentions, challenge our admiration. The peace which comes with evening fills our breasts as we meditate upon the early hours of the Western Republic.

"The founders of the United States were not filled with greed and lust for power. These were not the motives which buoyed up the hearts of the colonists during the long and weary years of the revolution. A far different light than this flashed from the heart anvils at Valley Forge. They only asked that their inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness be accorded them. With that calm determination which lights up martyrs' faces they refer to the Supreme Judge of the world as to the rectitude of their intentions. And for the support of the principles which they declared, with a firm reliance upon the protection of divine Providence, they grandly said, 'we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.'

"Witness the father of his country stipulating that no pay should ever be given him for his services. Listen to the Christian modesty of his first inaugural address.

"'Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the

notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourteenth day of the present month.'

" 'On the one hand I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and in my asylum of declining years, a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as dear to me by the addition of habit, of inclination and of frequent interruptions in my health, to gradual waste committed on it by time.'

" 'On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens, a distrust in his qualifications, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration, one ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions all I dared to aver is that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected.'

" 'Such being the impression under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves, for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge.'

“ ‘In tendering this homage to the Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow citizens at large less than either. No people can be found to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency; and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberation and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have become established without some return of pious gratitude along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage.’

“ ‘—Having thus imparted to you my sentiments as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race in humble supplication, that, since He has favored the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquility, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their HAPPINESS, so His divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views on which the success of this government must depend.’ ”

Everywhere, and in every way, peace, prayer and unanimity seemed to breathe upon the birthday of the United States.

The United States was the first government in the history of nations established upon principles.

There are two underlying principles upon which her government is based and by which the powers of governors are limited. These two principles are Republicanism and Protestantism. They are defined as follows:

First, that government is of the people. This is the essence of Republicanism.

Second, that government is of right entirely separate from religion. This is the essence of Protestantism.

It is because of these two principles that the sifted wheat of all the earth has sought the soil of these United States. It is because of the two precepts of power that the United States has been a pleasant land in which to live.

These two things, Protestantism and Republicanism, are the birthright of the nineteenth century. They are the exact opposite of the systems of the Old World, of all the church of Rome has ever taught, believed or practiced, by them the very foundation stones of her structure were undermined.

The Fathers recognize that this is so. On that mystic symbol of legal government, the Great Seal of the United States, this nation has recorded its thoughts concerning itself as it was in the beginning. On this seal are two inscriptions. One in Latin, "Novus Ordo Seculorum"—a new order of things; the other in English, "God hath favored the undertaking." Republicanism as opposed to monarchy: that government is of right of the people, rather than the divine right of kings, is the first principle in the new order of things. Protestantism as opposed to the tenets of the papacy, that

government is entirely separate from religion, is the second principle in the new order of things.

"These were the flaming topics, and burning questions at the close of the eighteenth century. These were the goodly heritage of the nineteenth."—The Battle of the Centry, by P. T. Magan.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

On the fourth day of July, 1789, the United States kept her first birthday of liberty under the constitution. Ten days later, (on the fourteenth of the month), the French Revolution was formally opened by the destruction of that dread prison fortress, the hated Bastile of Paris; and to this day, the fourteenth of July is reckoned by the French people as the birthday of liberty in their land. It is to them the same as the "Glorious Fourth" is to the people of the United States.

From the sacred flame of American kindling, sparks traversed the broad Atlantic; there under the sunny skies of France, the land of romantic story, the heather caught fire and became a mighty conflagration, whose progress nothing could check.

"On the morning of July fourteen, one thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine, Saint Antoine was a dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above their billowy heads where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like leafless branches of trees in a winter storm: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance

of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

“Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed and cartridges, ball and powder—so were every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on fever-high strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

“‘Come, then,’ cried B——, in a resounding voice, ‘Patriots and friends, we are ready, The Bastile.’

“With a roar that sounded as if all the breath of France had been shaped into that detested word, the living sea arose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that place.”

The sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began, the alarm bells ringing and the drums beating.

Deep ditches, double draw bridges, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire, and through the smoke, in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast B——, up against a cannon, and immediately he became a cannoneer, four fierce hours of service at this gun, a white flag from within the fortress, and a parley, this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea arose wider and higher, and swept over the lowered draw bridge, past the massive outer walls,

in among the eight great towers surrendered. The Bastile fell.

Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet wild dumb show. The prisoners: all scared:

These carried high on men's shoulders appeared more like skeletons of lost spirits than living men.

A cloud had been gathering for about fifteen hundred years; the darkness of it was heavy over Saint Antoine, cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence. Samples of people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill which ground young people old, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window. The children had ancient faces and grave voices and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and ploughed into every furrow of age, and coming up afresh, was the sign "hunger." It was prevalent everywhere, hunger was pushed out of the tall houses in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; hunger was patched into them with straw and rag, wool and paper; hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small stick of firewood that the man sawed off; hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and stared up from the filthy street. Hunger stared from the baker's shelves, written in every loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread, at the sausage shop in every dead dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger was shred into atoms in every husky chip of potato fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its abiding place was in all things fitted to it; narrow, winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and night caps, and

all smelling of rags and night caps; and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill.

At the same time a gala coach rolls by; a lackey before and a lackey behind.

It is the bishop, a prince of the church, one of those gilded men with heraldic bearings and revenues who have palaces, horses, servants, good table, good cheer, all the pleasures of life; in the name of Jesus, who had not where to lay His head.

In the hunted air of the people there was the wild beast thought of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows rope they mused about enduring, or inflicting. The people croaked over their scanty measure of thin wine and beer, and were glowingly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition save tools and weapons.

On the streets at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley. At night the lamp lighter let these down; lighted and hoisted them again. The gaunt scarecrows had watched the lamp lighter with an idea of improving on his method and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys to flare upon the darkness of their condition. But every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds fine of song and feather gave no heed, they took no warning.

Now the time had come. The cloud which had been gathering for fifteen hundred years burst. The reign of terror began, the oppressed became the oppressor.

The storm of '89 and '93 raged in fury: Then the lords the nobles and the ecclesiastics were greatly frightened and took to their noble heels, making all possible haste for some other land.

Monsieurs were scattered far and wide.

The Reformation in billows of ideas flowing over the earth, under the broad blue sky, sparkling in the radiant sunshine, would have pacifically covered up and destroyed all error; it would have cured all the wounds and ills of the old world. By the force of kindly examination, to study evil amiably to prove its existence, then to cure it. This was the meaning of the Reformation. No violent remedy was necessary.

But the great church power would not allow this; she poured out a flood from the old pool system, reeking with the miasma of superstition, ignorance, degredation, hatred and prejudice; and when the poor old afflicted world could no longer endure the putrefaction and death arising from this stagnation—The swan arose with the wings of an eagle, and the scream of the eagle.

The little man of the faubourgs who only wished to be well dressed, and sufficient food to nourish the stomach, whose joy it was to stroll with his child in the park or by the seaside of a Sunday, the tiny hand of his child in his own: Suddenly he arose; his gaze became terrible and his breath a tempest; from his slender chest issued enough wind to disarrange the folds of the Alps.

Then, all at once frightened Europe lent an ear, armies put themselves in motion, parks of artillery rumbled, pontoons stretched over rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the storm; cries, tempests, a trembling of thrones in every direc-

tion, the frontiers of kingdoms oscillated on the map, the sound of a super-human sword was heard as it was drawn from the sheath; they beheld him arise erect on the horizon with a blazing brand in his hand and a glow in his eyes, unfolding amid the thunder his two wings, the grand army of the Republic, the French Revolution.

The choice of rulers had been Progress either by gentle slopes or by the raging of storms and torrents; they refused the one and were not able to prevent the other. Consequently the horrors of '89 and '93.

After the Battle of Waterloo the wind ceased, the smoke cleared away, the drums held their peace, the weapons were laid aside. It was now the turn of Intelligence.

The Revolution was the most important step of the human race since the advent of Christ. It hurled to the earth the monarchy of four thousand years; it threw away the feudalism of about fifteen centuries.

But to demolish mummified ideas, to cause hatreds and wraths and prejudices to disappear and (as there is no vacuum in the human heart) to reconstruct the mind, to reorganize and furnish it, by that vast dawn of principles and virtues. This was and ever is the true revolution.

This is certainly true: hence the greatest need of civilization is, an army of school masters with their heads wholly in the light, unfaltering, if their feet are set in affliction and difficulty, pressing on the upward way by the force of those two powerful motors, Faith and Love.

This thought has been developed by others, we pass on.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ILLUSTRIOS FRENCHMAN

In 1817 Monsieur Henri Cammille, who lived in Paris, was at that age when men who think have great depth and ingenuousness. He was the son of a councilman of the Parliament of Paris, hence he belonged to the nobility of the bar. Monsieur Cammille had been reared in the idea of the divine right of kings and the domination of religion in the affairs of the State. He detested the Republic.

At the time of a profound and powerful movement made essential by the study of the Middle Ages, Monsieur Cammille read the histories, the memoirs, the bulletins, the proclamations; he devoured everything. The revolution, the republic had been monstrous words to him, which meant only anarchy and ruin; he now wished to discover the root of the whole matter. The history upon which his eye fell appalled him. The first effect was to dazzle him, where he expected to find only chaos in the idea of the Republic, he saw the grand figure of the people emerge from the revolution in the sovereignty of civil right restored to the masses, and absolute individuality in all questions of religion.

Monsieur Cammille began to understand his country, at the same time his ideas underwent an extraordinary change.

However, this change was not accomplished all at once, the phases of the change were numerous and successive. This

is the history of many minds in that day. And as it is the history of many minds in our day, we think it will prove useful to follow these phases step by step, and to indicate them all.

This is a history of ideas and manners, it has to do with hearts and souls; we indicate external events only as they touch human happiness and well being. All that is written in this book of the Church of Rome are facts that are well authenticated; we set them down because we believe it is important to know them; that all should know them in order to avoid a return of the past.

We point these facts out without hate, for we know that many of the best and blest of earth have been of that communion. It is the state of mind on the march from fiction to reality, from evil to good, from sin to perfection, from destruction to Paradise, that we are recording. Progress is not accomplished in one stage. That stated once for all in connection with what precedes, as well as with what is to follow, we continue.

Monsieur Cammille gained a tremendous grasp of facts and events; he looked fixedly at the facts; he scrutinized the principles.

The revolution effected in his mind cost a mighty effort, at times, it seemed to him to mean only anarchy, chaos, the abyss, and he knew not where he stood, then again he saw radiations of gleaming stars, and flickerings of infinite realities. He beheld the people of France rise from the tyranny of a race petrified in dogmatism and demoralized by lucre, in the sovereignty of civil right, their heads inundated in the light of religious liberty. He asserted in his conscience

that this is good. A splendid enthusiasm for the absolute took possession of his whole being. He saw that right is not, like the Colossus of Rhodes, on two shores at once, with one foot on the Republic, and one in Royalty, it is indivisible and all on one side.

Monsieur Cammille traveled extensively throughout his own country in order to ferret out the true condition of the people and the country. The roads were bad, the equipages were miserable and the horses were wretched.

“Far and wide lay a ruined country; yielding but desolation. Every green leaf and blade of grass was as shriveled and poor as the miserable people; everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children and the soil that bore them—all worn out.

At the steepest point of a hill there was a little burial ground with a cross and the figure of our Saviour on it, to this emblem a woman was kneeling. A carriage passed, she turned her head; she rose quickly and presented herself at the carriage door.

“It is you Monsieur? Monsieur a petition.” A cruel face looked out.

“Monsieur, my husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want.”

“Well, can I feed them?”

“Monsieur, the good God knows; my baby is starving and will soon be laid under a heap of poor grass, and when I am dead of the same malady, I shall be laid under another heap of poor grass. Monsieur, there are so many, they increase so fast, there is so much want.”

The lackey put her away, the horses broke into a brisk trot, the postillions quickened their pace, she was left far behind. Monsieur rapidly diminished the distance that remained between him and his chateau.

There were thirteen hundred and twenty thousand peasants' dwellings in France with but three openings; eighteen hundred hovels with but two openings, the door and a window, and three hundred and forty thousand cabins besides, with but one opening, the door. This, because of the tax on doors and windows. Poor families, old women, and women that were young but looked old, and little children living in these dwellings; and behold the fevers and maladies that resulted.

And then how had the church used her power in matters of the conscience? Under the guidance of her Christian pastors the populace was entertained by cutting off the hand and pulling out the tongue of young men because they would not bow down in the rain to a company of dirty priests. And this as late as the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five of our Lord.

Think of that poor Huguenot woman, who, in 1685, under Louis the Great, while with a nursing infant, was bound naked to the waist, to a stake, and the child kept at a distance; her breast swelled with milk and her heart with anguish. The little one hungry and pale, beheld that breast and cried and agonized; the executioner said to the woman, a mother and a nurse, 'adjure,' giving her the choice between the death of her infant and the death of her conscience.

"Aigues Mortes is a town on a shallow bay or marsh about three miles from the Mediterranean. It was built

seven or eight hundred years ago as a feudal fortress. The great massive stone walls still stand and are as perfect as when built. At one corner of this fortress stands the great Tour de Constance. It is round and is sixty feet in diameter, and ninety-two feet high. The wall of this tower is eighteen feet thick. The interior has two apartments, one being above the other. They are dimly lighted by long and very narrow openings in the wall. The lower apartment is the dungeon. Here the wives and the daughters of the Huguenot preachers and merchants and other men of prominence were imprisoned for life. The records show that Marie Durand was placed in this dungeon in 1730, when fifteen years old, and kept there until 1768, a period of 37 years. The crime for which she was thus cruelly treated was that she accompanied her parents to a religious service that the government had forbidden. The names of many of these noble women were engraved on the interior of these stone walls which held them from their friends and the privileges of life, so many weary years. One who visited this dungeon near the close of the Huguenot persecutions has left the statement of what he saw:

“Words fail me to describe the horror with which we reviewed a scene to which we were so unaccustomed, a frightful and affecting picture in which the interest was heightened to disgust, we beheld a large circular apartment, deprived of air and light, in which fourteen females still languished in misery. It was with difficulty that the prince smothered his emotion; and doubtless it was the first time these unfortunate creatures had there witnessed compassion depicted upon a human countenance. I still seem to behold the affecting apparition. They fell at our feet, bathed in

tears and speechless, until, emboldened by our expressions of sympathy, they recounted to us their sufferings.'

"Eight leagues distant from Brussels,—there are relics of the Middle Ages there which are attainable for everybody, at the Abbey of Villers,—in the middle of the field which was formerly the court-yard of the cloister, and on the banks of the Phil, four stone dungeons, half undergroud, half under the water. Each of these dungeons has the remains of an iron door, a vault and a grated opening which on the outside is two feet above the level of the river, and on the inside, six feet above the level of the ground. Four feet of the river flow past along the outside wall. The ground was always soaked. The occupant of this place had this wet soil for his bed. In one of the dungeons there, there is a fragment of an iron necklet riveted to the wall; in another is seen a square box made of four slabs of granite, too short for a person to lie down in, too low for him to stand up in. A human being was put inside, with a coverlid of stone on top.

"Under Louis XIV., the king desired to create a fleet,—let us consider the means. The galleys were to the marine what the steamers are today. Therefore, galleys were necessary; but the galley was moved only by the galley-slave, hence galley-slaves were required.

"Colbert had the commissioners of provinces and the parliament make as many convicts as possible. The magistracy showed a great deal of complaisance in the matter. A man kept his hat on in the presence of a procession—it was a Huguenot attitude; he was sent to the galleys. A child was encountered in the streets, provided he was fifteen years of

age and did not know where he was to sleep, he was sent to the galleys. There were many children who knew not fathers or mothers, this abandonment of children was not discouraged by the ancient monarchy—The hatred of instruction for the people was a dogma. The monarchy sometimes was in need of children, and in that case the police skimmed the streets. Under Louis XV. children disappeared in Paris, the police carried them off, for what mysterious purpose no one knew."

Great Age, grand reign under the mistress of Civilization.

Thus Monsieur Camille surveyed the whole realm of the monarchy. It appeared to him, a wilderness of misery, of tyranny and of ruin.

All that he had formerly believed in now vanished like dark clouds at the appearance of the morning sun. He had an air of charming sincerity, with something indescribably thoughtful and sympathetic over his whole countenance. He loved to contemplate the spectacles which God furnishes gratis; he gazed at the sky, space, at stars, flowers, children, suffering humanity, the creation amid which he beams. He gazed so much on humanity that he perceived its soul, he gazed on creation to the extent that he beheld God. An admirable sentiment broke forth in him, pity and compassion for all. He suspected that he had solved the problem of life, found the true philosophy of existence, the true religion, he had.

To denounce the whole monarchial idea, to say that the church by which the monarchy was established, by which it alone could stand was not the church of the Bible:—What would it mean to him?

The instinct of self preservation took possession of him, and he reasoned with himself—Let us see, let us see,—it may be I am taking things too seriously, why trouble one's self about the established order of things? Such is the destiny of humanity; let everyone accept his natural destiny. The men of the revolution are chimerical, extreme, they are mad. To demolish is not well; to resist the government is anarchistic, but to reform the church will make all things right; that is it, I have the solution of the whole matter.

He shook off thought.

All these revolutions had taken place in him without his family or friends obtaining an inkling of the case, not a ripple had troubled the calm manner of his conduct. To Madame Cammille no change had appeared. Monsieur Cammille loved his wife, but she was a royalist and a devout Catholic. She always grew furious at mention of the words, the Republic, Revolution, liberty, equality, etc. But she adored her husband. The Cammilles had one child, a daughter, her name was Evadne, she was a joy.

Madame Cammille gave a grand reception at their stately mansion. The rooms were beautiful to look at, adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve. Aristocrats only were in attendance. There were officers, destitute of military knowledge, officers, naval, without an idea of a ship, civil officers without a notion of civil affairs, a great number of ecclesiastics, though for the most part, as much courtiers as churchmen, all lying horribly and totally unfit for their several callings.

But the joy of it all was that all the company at the beautiful palace were perfectly dressed; such powdering and

frizzing and sticking up of hair; such delicate complexions, artificially preserved and mended; the rustle of silk and brocade and gold lace coats, pumps and silk stockings; such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate honor to the sense of smell would keep things going forever.

Charming grandmamas of sixty, dressed and supped as at twenty. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding moved languidly.

Monsieur Cammille was gay and affable, he was courtly in manner and address; all the graces and courtesies which make life so admirable were perfectly easy and natural to him. His figure was heroic, his brow lofty. He was admired and loved by all.

But Monsieur Cammille felt no joy. The occasion became a positive bore to him. Yielding to that mysterious power which said, "Think," he separated himself from the company, went to his innermost apartment, shut the door, locked it, dropped himself into a chair and meditated in the dark. He was gloomy; his ideas were confused; the reasoning which arose from the natural ambition to enjoy, to be engaged in the brief things of matter totally eclipsed all the evidence which had convinced his mind, that vast dawn of ideas which had burst the tomb of tyrannical dogmatism, had enlarged his mental horizon, had illuminated his whole being, filling him with a splendid enthusiasm, which had led him to the brink of a precipice; that brilliant light had disappeared. Monsieur Cammille was in darkness, but he had been a careful student and kept a neat record of facts and events, he had noted down in a book the principles which had illuminated his mind.

How came the darkness? He had measured the desires of life against the call of duty; that is to say against his conscience. For him there were airy galleries from which smiled loves and graces, extraordinary gardens in which the fruits of life were hanging, the murmur of fountains of waters, the singing of many kinds of birds, these and all other pleasant things of life were his to enjoy.

But the prostitution of women, the slavery of men, and endless night for the child had moved his heart to pity. Humanity was bleeding. He had been called to bind up the wounds of his country, and to do all the good that he could. He had repressed these noble sentiments which had come from the innermost depths of his soul. The instinct of self preservation, the desire to enjoy the delectable things of life had extinguished the bright light, an eclipse of the soul had taken place. But what was that voice which in the midst of the revelry had said, "think?" Conscience.

What is Conscience?

Conscience is the faculty, power, or inward principle which decides as to the character of one's actions, purposes, and affections, warning against and condemning that which is wrong, and approving and prompting to that which is right, the moral faculty passing judgment on one's self; the moral sense. Conscience is the reason employed about questions of right and wrong, and accompanied with sentiments of probation and condemnation.—

"Conviction of right or duty."—Webster.

Conscience is an infinity which every man bears within himself; it is intelligent, it loves, it thinks, it wills. Is there an infinity beyond us? Is that infinite there, inherent, per-

manent; necessarily substantial, since it is infinite; and because if it lacked matter it would be bounded; necessarily intelligent, and because if it lacked intelligence it would end there. If the Infinite had no person, person would be without limit, it would not be infinite, in other words it would not exist.

There is then an I above; that I of the infinite is God. The I below is the soul, man; the I on high is God.

What a solemn thing is this infinity which every man bears within himself, which he measures with despair against the caprices of his brain and desires of his life.

Thought is the medium by which the soul is brought in contact with God.

The grandeur of democracy is to deny nothing to humanity; close to the right of man, beside it at least there exists the right of the soul.

Monarchy denies this right, monarchy engenders ignorance, knowledge demolishes the monarchy, that is to say ignorance. Ignorance is the tyrant. The day will come when the splendid question of universal education will speak with the irresistible authority of absolute truth, and then there will be no more tyranny, for there will be no more ignorance.

At the reception someone entered, unseen, the silence was unbroken at that word—"think." That some one was God.

Never had Monsieur Cammille engaged in so severe a struggle as that which followed in obedience to that voice. The eye of the spirit penetrating the innermost depths of a conscience engaged in reflection, beholds a spectacle more mysterious, more formidable and more grand than is por-

trayed in all creation, the ocean, the earth and the heavens. There beneath that silence battles of giants are in progress; there the dragon and the archangel are fiercely contending.

As Monsieur Cammille reviewed the evidence which had convinced his mind, one thing engaged his attention in a special manner, at it he looked fixedly for a long time. It was the story of the contest for religious liberty in America and how it was won for that nation and for all mankind.

Suddenly he arose; went to the room where Evadne was sleeping, here by the bed of his child, the object of his purest affections, he struggled; his emotions were simply indescribable as he reflected that duty would separate them, he bent like a soldier before an assault, like an oak at the approach of a storm.

Eighteen hundred years before his day, one wild night under olive trees, dripping with the dews of night, One in whom is found all the virtues and all the sufferings of humanity,—he also three times put aside the cup of sacrifice.

The cup of human destiny trembled in the hand of one who was man, at the same time and God. By strength divine he took the cup and drank of it to the last bitter dregs.

Monsieur Cammille disengaged himself from earth and sought strength elsewhere, from time to time he fixed his eyes upon a point on the wall, nothing was there, no work of cunning device was there. No crucifix was there. By the eye of faith he beheld the great High Priest within the veil in heaven. Streams of light from there poured upon him like unto the beauteous tongues of fire that rested upon Apostolic heads.

He would do his duty now at any cost; committing Evadne

to the care of the Lord and Master of us all. That yawning precipice was still there, but now he descried heaven at the bottom of it.

March on, soldier of Democracy, priest of the Ideal, hero of the Absolute.

The priests explain the Bible badly, they are mistaken; those radiant portals of Eden are before us, not behind us.

The onward march of the human race requires that the heights around it should be ablaze with noble and enduring lessons of courage, deeds of daring dazzle history and form one of the guiding lights of men. To strive to brave all risks, to persist, to persevere, to be faithful to one's self, to grapple hand to hand with destiny, to surprise defeat by the little terror it inspires, at one time to confront unrighteous power, at another to defy intoxicated triumph, to hold fast, to hold hard—such is the example that nations need and the light that illumines them.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause God's new Messiah offering each the
bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the
right;

And the choice goes by for ever twixt that darkness and that
light.

—James Russell Lowell.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?

No: true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth he needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

CHAPTER X.

EVADNE

Years rolled by. Evadne had received an education called classic, prescribed and limited by pedantic officials and prejudiced scholasticism.

But Evadne had a charming soul which instinctively turned to the light, birds, flowers, poetry, music, she loved to give gifts to poor little children and to make them happy.

In her youthful dreams, Evadne beheld a noble heroic figure whom she some day hoped to meet, and wed; at times she thought of her father, and was gloomy, she had been taught that he was seized by a terrible malady, that he had the plague, and had joined a gang of murderers, and that he was a ferocious monster; hatred of the republic had been diligently instilled in her mind.

Nevertheless, youth is so constructed that gloom and sadness cannot hold sway; joyous hopefulness is the dominating power of youth.

Evadne had religious habits.

One beautiful day in June 1831, she had been to the Cathedral for worship and was going out, just then a young man was passing; Evadne lifted her head and saw him; he was not a stranger; when children they had accompanied their mothers to evening gatherings at a certain salon, this custom had for years been abandoned, the little boy was now

a man, and he was the figure of the girl's dreams. The girl was now a woman, and there was a mysterious something in that glance, in the moment when she looked up and saw him, that coquets try to imitate; of this Evadne was unconscious and perfectly innocent. It was the soul of a true woman, and it was the time of love, a love in accordance with the design of God.

Who was this young man?—his name was Jehan Lenormand; we shall meet him later on.

In this history at this time it is necessary to turn back.

The outbreak of the French Revolution was followed by fierce denunciations from Rome. Anathema after anathema was hurled from the papal chair. France had always been Rome's most favored and her favorite nation. No other people had done so much as France to assist the Church of Rome into her place of great power.

"The French Revolution was a struggle for civil and religious liberty, it was an effort to throw off the yoke of king and pope. Pope Pius VI, summarily condemned the most precious principles of the revolution. He branded as devilish the aspirations for equality and political liberty in the declaration of rights.

"The necessary effect of the constitution decreed by the assembly," says he, "is to annihilate the Catholic religion, and that duty of obedience due to the laws. It is in this view that they establish as a right of man in society this absolute liberty, which not only secured the right of not being disturbed for one's religious opinions, but it also grants the license of thinking, speaking, writing, and even of printing with impunity in the matter of religion, all that the most

unregulated imagination can suggest, a monstrous right, which, nevertheless, appears to the assembly to result from the equality and liberty natural to all men."

"At this time two thirds of the land belonged to the nobility and the clergy, who so far as numbers were concerned formed an insignificant part of the population; and the remaining one third was in the hands of the common people whose poverty was most distressing. For many years a feeling had been growing that the great lands which the church owned, had not been come by honestly; and more than this, that it was not befitting those who called themselves followers of the meek and lowly Master, to possess so much, while their brethren were lacking for food and raiment.

"This land had never paid taxes, the same as others had to pay them, for the clergy had the privilege of meeting together and deciding how large a gift, in lieu of taxes, they would make to the crown, so that the whole matter of taxing themselves was in their own hands.

"Pius the sixth, treated as chimerical the liberty of thinking and acting, and he arose with energy against the assembly to declare Catholicism the national and dominant religion. He compared the national Assembly to King Henry the eighth of England. He announced an approaching excommunication against the recalcitrants, and begged all the bishops of France, prevent the revolution from progressing. Such was the defiance which the pope of Rome hurled against the revolutionaries of France.

"Long before this Rome had taught that the despotism of the church and the despotism of the state were inculcated by

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the Holy Scriptures, Bossuet, had written a work entitled, "La Politique Tiree de l' Ecriture Sainte,"—Politics drawn from the Holy Scriptures. This learned catechism promulgated the ideas as of God of a royalty without control, and a clergy without restraint. In it the King is represented as a God whose countenance rejoices his people as the sun, and whose indisputable caprices ought to be received on bended knees. All the property of the nation, according to Bassuet, belonged to the king, excepting the land of the Levites, with which the king ought not concern himself, only to increase it.

"Pius the sixth, denounced the Legislative Assembly, and issued an encyclical proclamation in which he condemned the efforts of the French people to establish a republic. Here are his words:

That assembly, after abolishing the monarchy, which is the most natural form of government, had attributed almost all power to the populace, who follow no wisdom and no counsel, and have no understanding of things.

"He further instructed the bishops, that all 'poisoned books' should be removed from the faithful, by force or stratagem. He denounced the liberty after which France was striving in imitation of the American example. He declared it had a tendency to corrupt minds, pervert morals, and overthrow all order in affairs and laws. He asserted in bold terms that the doctrine of the equality of men, led to anarchy and the speedy dissolution of society.

"In 1793 Monsieur Basseville, the French envoy, was attacked in the streets by the emissaries of the papal government. His house was broken into, and he himself unarmed and unresisting, was cruelly assassinated.

The pope and his followers had been extremely provoked that the French residing in Rome had displayed the tricolor flag of the republic, and that they had proposed to exhibit the escutcheon of the republic over the door of the French consul.

“Certainly there could be no just cause for complaint about this, as it is the undoubted right of the foreign ambassadors and consuls in any land to hoist the flag of their country and display the coat of arms of the nation which they represent. But the pope had intimated his desire that this should not be done, and a popular commotion arose.

“By all international law, the life of an envoy is sacred; but so great was the hatred of the pope and the rulers of the papal states for the republic of France, and the principles for which that republic stood, that the most solemn of international usages and customs was trampled into the dust, and the life of the envoy sacrificed to the foaming passion of hatred against liberty.

This had happened in 1793, but it was not forgotten in 1796. Napoleon called upon his troops to avenge the life of the murdered Ambassador. He addressed the following proclamation to his soldiers:

‘Soldiers: in a fortnight you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one pair of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men; you have hitherto been fighting for barren rocks, rendered glorious by your courage, but useless to the country, you now rival by your services the army of Holland, and of the Rhine. Destitute

of everything you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy, and oftentimes without bread. The Republican phalanxes, the soldiers of liberty alone could have endured what you have endured.

“Thanks be to you for it, soldiers. Your grateful country will owe to you its prosperity, and, if your conquest at Toulon forebode the glorious campaign of 1793, your present victories forebode one still more glorious. The two armies which so lately attacked you boldly, are fleeing affrighted before you; the perverse men who laughed at your distress, and rejoiced in thought at the triumphs of your enemies, are confounded and trembling. But, soldiers, you have done nothing, since more remains to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan is yours. **THE ASHES OF THE CONQUERORS OF TARQUIN ARE STILL TRAMPLED UPON BY THE MURDERERS OF BASSEVILLE.** There are said to be some among you whose courage is subsiding, and who would prefer returning to the summits of the Apennines and the Alps. No, I cannot believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi, are impatient to carry the glory of the French people to distant countries.”

Thus spoke Napoleon, the commander-in-chief of the army of the republic of France and Italy. Why fought this army all these battles? What did the French republic with the land she conquered? The northern part of Italy conquered by Napoleon was converted into small republics, in which civil and religious liberty had full sway. Whatever may

have been the crimes of France, whatever the atrocious deeds of the red reign of terror, no voice from history can deny but that it was the intent of France to give liberty in things religious to the oppressed peoples of Europe. This France purposed; this Napoleon did.

The climax of Napoleon's speech is interesting. His statement that "ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled upon by the murderers of Basseville," was one calculated to fire to a white heat the warlike passions of his immortelles.

The directory of France commanded General Bonaparte, above all things, to make Rome feel the power of the republic. All the sincere patriots of France, insisted on this. The pope who had anathematized France, preached a crusade against her, and suffered her ambassador to be assassinated in his capital, certainly deserved chastisement. The French government insisted that the holy see should revoke all the briefs issued against France since the commencement of the revolution.

This secretly hurt the pride of the ancient pontiff. He summoned the college of the cardinals, which decided that the revocation could not take place. The French government now decided to destroy the temporal power of the pope. Bonaparte, however, was not quite ready for this.

With the exception of some of the most violent spirits in France, the French government and people had but little desire to injure the spiritual power of the pope. This was particularly true of Napoleon. He cared little or nothing whether the doctrines of the creed of St. Athanasius, or of some other creed succeeded. It was nothing to him whether religionists held that there was such a place as purgatory or

not. He cared naught for the doctrine of the immaculate conception, or any of the more purely religious teachings and tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. What he and the French people objected to was the way in which the pope had anathematized the civil and religious liberty for which they fought. They detested the papal power, because that power had called all the monarchs of Europe to arms against them in their struggle for freedom. These things lay at the bottom of the whole trouble between France and Rome.

At the outbreak of the French revolution, the nobles and the clergy left France in large numbers determined to gather armies in other nations and invade their native land and destroy the revolutionaries, together with the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity which were their watchwords.

The pope immediately took the lead in arousing the kings of Europe against the people of France. By bulls, edicts and encyclical letters he warned the crowned heads of Europe that they must destroy the hydra-headed monster of civil and religious liberty which had commenced to grow in France.

He did not content himself with defending the great maxims of the church, but he constituted himself chief of the reaction movement in Europe, and boldly declared himself conjointly responsible for the ancient regime in France.—“The Battle of the Century,” by P. T. Magan.

“When Napoleon left Italy and repaired to France, from thence starting on the famous expedition to Egypt, with the consent of the Directory, he placed in charge of the army of Italy, General Alexander Berthier, the soldier who had

fought so faithfully by the side of the American colonists in their struggle for freedom across the blue Atlantic.

"The grandees of Rome, who had acquired some of the knowledge diffused throughout Europe during the eighteenth century, loudly murmured against such a feeble government, and said it was high time the temporal rule of the Roman states should be transferred from the hands of ignorant Monks, unacquainted with secular affairs, to those of real citizens experienced in the business of life, and possessing a knowledge of the world.

"On December 26, 1797, the French embassy in Rome was attacked, and General Duphot, who was only anxious to preserve the peace, was fired upon by the papal troops and killed. This produced a great sensation, and then it was that the Directory of France ordered General Berthier to march upon Rome. He arrived on the 10th of February 1798. His soldiers paused for a moment to survey the ancient and magnificent city. The castle of St. Angels quickly surrendered. The pope for the time being, was left in the Vatican, and Berthier was conducted to the capital like the Roman Generals of old in their triumph.. The Democrats, at the summit of their wishes, assembled in the Campo Vaccino, in sight of the remains of the ancient forum, and proclaimed THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. A Notary drew up an act by which the populace, calling itself the Roman people, declared that it resumed its sovereignty and constituted itself a republic.

"Meanwhile pope Pius VI, had been left alone in the Vatican. Messengers were sent to demand the abdication of his temporal sovereignty. There was no intention of

meddling with his spiritual authority. He replied that he could not divest himself of a property which was not his, but which had devolved on him from the apostles, and was only a deposit in his hands. This logic had but little effect upon the republican generals of France. The pope treated with respect due to his age, was removed in the night from the Vatican, and conveyed into Tuscany, from thence he was taken to Valence, France, where he died, attended by a solitary ecclesiastic, and for two years there was no pope.—“The Battle of the Century,” P. T. M.

June 5, 1815, at Waterloo, the nations of Europe were gathered together against France, and the highest bravery which ever astonished history fell to ruin; those who had conquered Europe fell to the ground having nothing more to do or to say, feeling a terrible presence in the darkness. Those who had delivered the people of Europe from tyranny were conquered by the perverse men of those nations.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer, No! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No! Because of God.

For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts were preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced.

His fall had been decreed by One to whom there is no reply. Napoleon grieved the heart of the Father of all. A power above man controlled that day; and Napoleon's military monarchy vanished like a dream.

The Congress of Vienna had made treaties. The treaty of the Holy Alliance was signed September 26, 1815. It

was really a profession of religious and political faith by which the sovereigns of Europe delivered from the iniquities of Napoleon, were henceforth to maintain the reign of peace and righteousness on earth. It was signed by the Czar of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and other of the great potentates of Europe. The whole thing was really gotten up by the pope, and was nothing more nor less than the combining of the Monarchs of Europe at the instigation of the papacy, against the principles of civil and religious freedom. It was an effort on the part of the monarchies of Europe to give renewed prominence to the idea that kings govern by divine right, and to establish the union between religion and the state to the extent that it could never again be set aside. They solemnly pledged themselves to do everything in their power to suppress all uprising of the people in favor of free government, and to unite their interests in preserving monarchical institutions wherever they existed, and in re-establishing them where they had been set aside by the people.

And that by Europe was called the Restoration.

The nobles and churchmen returned to France glad to be in their native land once more, but grieved to find their monarchy gone. The Empire under Napoleon had been despotic, now by the reaction of things the restoration was forced to be liberal. A constitutional order was granted to the great regret of the conquerors.

The result was, that progress proceeded in a better way, the bravery which fell at the battlefield, arose at the platform; freedom had been upheld by the sword, it was now upheld by intelligence.

Under the restoration, the nation became accustomed to discussion with calmness which was wanting in the republic, and to grandeur in peace, which was lacking in the empire. France free and strong, had been an encouraging spectacle to the other peoples of Europe. The revolution had had its say under Robespierre; the cannon had had its say under Bonaparte.

Under Louis XVIII, and Charles X, intelligence in its turn found speech. The wind ceased, the torch was relighted. The pure light of mind was seen flickering upon the serene summits. A magnificent spectacle, full of use and charm. For fifteen years there was seen at work in complete peace and openly in public places those great principles so old to the thinker, so new to the statesmen; equality before the law, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the accessibility of every function to every aptitude.

Under the feet of eloquent orators, France was tribune of the republic against Europe, of freedom against despotism, of democracy against the monarchical centuries.

Monsieur Cammille became a man of renown and of action. He had taken a position upon the principles of absolute democracy; he had the bravery of the rostrum, and was subject to outbursts of eloquence; there was lightning in his eyes and the thrill of a hymn in his speech. His figure heroic but graceful, his pure and lofty brow, his abundant hair billowing in the wind, presented a likeness akin to the cherubim of Ezekiel, and the angel of the Apocalypse.

He was regarded by the Restoration as a personal offense, represented by them as dangerous, being opposed to law and

order. The adoration of his wife had turned to scorn and derision which banished him from his home. By his former associates he was proscribed and jeered at.

By the irresistible movement of the age, many royalists became liberals, and liberals were becoming democrats. There were associations of societies, some were organized and some were not organized. Composed of various shades and differing widely in all things, yet having one aim—Progress, the elevation of man, happiness and wellbeing for all.

There was one group of minds more serious, not organized, all young men, the direct sons of the Revolution. It mattered not to them what their parents were; royalists, Bonapartists, Liberals or Democrats; they attached themselves without an intermediate shade, to incorruptible right, and to absolute duty. They fathomed principles, they longed for the absolute. The pure blood of principle flowed in their veins. They caught glimpses of infinite realities, the absolute by its very rigidity urges the mind toward the skies, and makes it soar in the boundless. This group often solicited Monsieur Cammille to speak to them which was a very great pleasure to him.

This group was designated the A. B. Z.

A GREAT ROYALIST

Monsieur Lenormand was a thoroughbred aristocrat. He did not believe much in God, but he believed in a state religion as a matter of political policy: repression of the people by fear, was a dogma which he did not repudiate, nevertheless he had many virtues, private and public; he was sober, calm and cold.

At thirty-five years of age, in '93 he had been present at the trial of Louis XVI, he had watched the mad whirl of the tribunal assembly, the public wrath questioning and condemning in this hapless king, the fear inspiring criminal, the monarchy. But the republic seemed to him to be the criminal.

If anyone ventured to eulogize the republic in his presence he would say, "What are we coming to? What are we coming to? Surely the end of all things is at hand." Your nineteenth century philosophy is very bad.

His form was slight but elegant. His manners polished.

Monsieur Lenormond married at the advanced age of forty-eight years. To this union a son was born. They named him Jehan. When Jehan was eight years old, his mother died of a lung complaint. In this boy the father found great comfort, he was a delight and a constant companion. Jehan was exceedingly fond of his father.

JEHAN

On that beautiful June day 1831, when Jehan met Evadne coming out of the church, he was twenty-four years of age. At that time he was completing his course in the law school, and was soon to become a lawyer.

In this law school was a young man who belonged to the A. B. Z., his name was Charles. Now Jehan and Charles became fast friends. There is in the soul of some youth that innocent, that magnificent something, in the presence of which political opinions and religious prejudice appear very petty and mean. The first time Jehan and Charles looked at each other, their countenances chattered and told all,

there was no need of talk, they knew each other; from that moment they were friends.

At the time Jehan met Evadne, he had been going with Charles to the assemblies of the A. B. Z., Jehan had fallen in the midst of glowing hearts, and thoroughly convinced minds, moreover he was charmed with these youthful minds at liberty and at work. He heard them talk of philosophy, of literature, of art, of history and religion in a style that was astonishing. And he felt a sort of internal upsetting. At the same time he was conscious of an expansion of the mental horizon.

One evening the Charter which had been granted by the Restoration, was getting handled very roughly, an unfortunate copy of the Charter lay on the table. Charles seized it, punctured it, and mingled the rattling of it with his arguments, he said, "I will have no kings, by the side of the hand which gives there is the claw which snatches back. I refuse your charter point blank. A charter is a mask; the lie lurks beneath it. A people which accepts a charter, abdicates. The law is only the law when entire. NO! No charter!"

Jehan meditated as he walked along the street, he was thinking, profoundly turning these questions over in his mind which made him majestic. When Evadne saw him he appeared to her like the phantom of her dreams suddenly made flesh.

Until that moment Jehan apparently was unconscious that there was such a creature as woman on the earth, but her marvelous beauty attracted his attention; and then that glance of coquetry, wholly innocent, artful, unconscious, awakened

in his soul unknown emotions. Jehan was in love with a woman.

Now Jehan had always told his father everything, even all that he had heard at the A. B. Z. Monsieur Lenormond was a man of great self control, he repressed his feelings of grief and disappointment, as he beheld his son becoming a revolutionist.

At dinner that evening Jehan told his father about meeting Evadne, and all that was in his heart. The old man smiled and was glad, he gave his son some money and said, "Call at her home." Jehan said, "I will go as soon as dinner is over."

That evening Evadne arranged her hair in the most becoming style, and put on one of her prettiest gowns. Was she going out? No? Did she expect visitors? No. She made her toilet with unusual care without knowing why she did it.

At length a visitor was announced, Evadne went down stairs. It was Jehan.

Madame Cammille was not pleased; she had never liked the Lenormonds.

Moreover, there was a certain wealthy nobleman, Louis Mercereau, who loved Evadne; him Madame Cammille wished Evadne to marry; but Evadne did not love him.

ENCHANTMENTS

Madame Cammille forbade the continuation of Jehan's visits; nevertheless as love cannot be conquered, they courted on the sly, in the garden like Romeo and Juliet, only Jehan entered the garden by a little gate in an obscure corner; he did not have to leap over the wall as did Romeo.

Monsieur Lenormond was delighted to see his son in love

to the extent that he no longer went to the A. B. Z. He was sure that Jehan would now attend to his love affair and leave the government alone in its affairs.

The garden in which hid the two lovers in their stolen visits was extraordinary and charming. Through the branches of the trees were gleams of the deep blue sky; on the lake white swans moved majestically over the placid water; tame doves flew about and ate crumbs out of their hands; birds twittered and sang in the trees. One fine day when Robin red-breast was singing with all his might, Jehan exclaimed, "Oh, delight of the birds! It is because they have nests that they sing." Looking about a little sure enough, there was a nest where Sir Robin's modest little wife kept neat at home. In the nest were four eggs. "Ah, Sir Robin," cried Jehan, "Soon there will be four young robins with wide open mouths, then you will have to bestir yourself to find the morning worm, and that will be very hard on a gay young fellow like you." At this they both laughed for they were fond of laughing; above all they adored each other, they were enchanted with love. It seemed to them that love had a simple process of ending all mysteries. The open book of nature before them offered them entertainment, giving them promise of unending joy in the way of purity, righteousness and truth. The book of nature is one of the books of God, the Bible is the other.

The voice in these two books is One. The voice of God. The soul that soars beyond the petty things of sense, hears that voice.

The love of these two beings was seraphic, human and divine. "Human," did you say? "Yes," But Jehan was

conscious of a barrier, Evadne's purity. Evadne of a support, Jehan's loyalty.

This chaste love was not without gallantry by any means. Jehan paid compliments to the woman he loved.

"Oh, how beautiful you are." You are adorable Mademoiselle. When you speak, what an enchanted gleam! You talk astonishingly good sense. I am really beside myself; "Dost thou love me?"

Evadne whispered, "Thou knowest I love thee," and laid her head on the shoulder of the superb and enchanted young man.

On one occasion Evadne gazed intently at him, and exclaimed, "Monsieur, you are handsome, you have a fine air, you are witty and you are much more learned than I am, but I challenge you on that word, "I love you." And that was to Jehan like a strain sung by the stars in the very heavens.

Months rolled by in this manner.

SHADOWS AND DESOLATIONS

During those months of joys and delights, Evadne's maid who was loyal to her, did all she could to assist and protect her in her love affair.

Now Evadne had not isolated herself from society, she pleaser her mother very much by her brilliant manners, and dazzling beauty. Her whole person was permeated with the joy of youth, purity and beauty enhanced by ingenuousness and exquisite harmony in dress and manners.

She was like a central jewel at the receptions which they gave and attended. Though Jehan rarely appeared on these occasions, the love hidden in her heart shone in her face and

manners, which caused her to be gay and charming. Only it was distressing to be compelled to receive the attentions of Monsieur Louis Beaumont. It was in fact a matter of serious reflection as to how her loyalty to Jehan would terminate.

Notwithstanding the irrepressible conflict here below in which we mortals are engaged, events occur by order of powers working above man.

One day in the autumn, a malicious servant spying around, saw Evadne and Jehan in the garden and ran to tell Madame Cammille. She was enraged. Presently she reflected that Evadne did not know that Jehan had joined the democrats. When Evadne came in her mother said to her. "Your lover belongs to the blood drinking republicans." For a moment she was dumb founded and knew not what to say. When she regained possession of herself she exclaimed:

"I do not believe it, I must hear it from his own lips." At that moment the Bishop came in.

"This happens just right." said Madame Cammille. She then related the affair to him. The Bishop said that he knew Jehan, and that he had seen him deliberating with the revolutionists. Furthermore, he was a profane irreligious youth and that union with him would not be recognized by the church as a lawful marriage at all, that their offspring would be illegitimate. And so the poor heart broken girl entered the shadow of a monstrous lie.

And when the hour of the lovers again came, Jehan was there joyously waiting. Soon Evadne came, but Oh, so different. Her face was changed toward him.

She said, "I have come to say to you that since you are

a republican our engagement is broken. We must see each other no more." She gave him her ring and went away, leaving him petrified with astonishment. He walked away in despair.

Jehan had indeed ceased to attend the assemblies of his friends, giving no attention to political questions, until just recently his attention was solicited by the patriots, and he had appeared in public with them. He was intending to tell Evadne all about his public duties, but alas, how should he continue to live. Why do people still live when all love and joy is gone? It is because there is hope.

"Into each life some rain must fall, some days be dark and dreary." And then the rainbow of hope appears.

Jehan kept the secret of his sorrow to himself.

He appeared in the presence of his father with a smile on his face and anguish in his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESTORATION

When the royal house of Bourbon by the hand of Louis XVIII, granted that charter of Liberty to the people of France, it was not their intention that personal liberty should continue at all.

"When the hour seemed to have come, the Restoration supposing itself victorious over Bonaparte and well rooted in the country, that is to say, believing itself to be strong and deep, abruptly decided on its plan of action and risked its stroke. One morning it drew itself up before the face of France, and elevating its voice, it contested the collective title and the individual right of the nation to sovereignty, of the citizen to liberty. In other words it denied to the nation that which made it a nation, and to the citizen that which made him a citizen.

"The predestined family which returned to France when Napoleon fell, had the fatal simplicity to believe that it was itself which bestowed, and that what it bestowed it could take back again, that the house of Bourbon possessed the right divine, that France possessed nothing, and that the political liberty conceded in the Charter of Louis XVIII, was merely a branch of the right divine, was detached by the House of Bourbon and graciously given to the people until such day as it should please the king to reassume it. Still the House

of Bourbon should have felt, from the displeasure created by the gift, that it did come from it.

That liberty which had been granted by the Restoration was not the kind of liberty the people of France wanted. It was with longing hearts and glowing eyes that they gazed across the blue Atlantic and beheld the people of America in possessor of that kind of liberty which cannot be "granted." This liberty they must possess themselves. It is the absolute opposite of the liberty granted by Louis XVIII.

AMERICAN LIBERTY.

"American liberty never was granted by anybody to anybody; much less was it granted by the American government to anybody.

"American liberty cannot be granted. It is not of the sort of things than can be 'granted.'

"American liberty is originally and inherently possessed by every soul, as the direct endowment of the Creator in the very act and fact of the creation of the man.

Each person has this liberty just because he exists, and without any reference whatever to State or Government. He had it before any human government ever was; and he will have it after they are all gone.

Every American had this liberty before there was any American Government: while yet all the form of any government that was here was British and Romish, and all the "liberty" recognized was that which was "granted."

Accordingly these Americans said that "liberty" that is "granted" or that can be granted is not liberty.

Therefore they proclaimed the original and true American Liberty, as follows:

“We hold these truths to be self evident:

“That all men are created equal;

“That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights;

“That among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.”

And instead of the Government “granting” to the people “liberty,” it is the people already possessed of liberty who granted to the Government all that it has or ever rightly can have, even to its very existence.

And here is the original and American statement of that “self-evident truth”:

“That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

“That when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government; laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”

“Thus in just two sentences there was annihilated the doctrine of despotism that had been anointed and “hallowed” by the Church of Rome, and fortified with the “holy” precedents of twelve hundred years—the doctrine of the divine right of rulers. And in the place of the old falsehood and despotic theory of the sovereignty of the government and the subjection of the people, there was declared to all nations

and for all time the self-evident truth and divine principle of the subjection of the government and the sovereignty of the people.

"The Declaration in itself, presupposes that men are men indeed and that as such they are fully capable of deciding for themselves what is best for their safety and happiness, and how they shall pursue these, without the government being set up as a parent or guardian to deal with them as with children.

"In those two splendid sentences there is declared not only the complete subordination of government, but also the absolute impersonality of it.

"It is therein declared that the government is but a device, a mere piece of political machinery, framed and set up by the people, by which they would make themselves secure in the enjoyment of the inalienable rights which they already possess just because they are men and not by any "grant" or result of government.

"The rights which were theirs before the government was, which is their own in the essential meaning of the term, and "which they do not hold by any sub-infeudation; but by the direct homage and allegiance to the Owner and Lord of all."

"And in establishing the impersonality of government, there is wholly uprooted all vestige of any character of paternity in the government."

PERFECT CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

In declaring the equality of all men in the possession of these inalienable rights, there is declared the strongest possible safeguard of the rights of all the people. For, this

being the principle espoused by all the people, each one stands thereby pledged to the support of the principle in all relations.

Therefore each individual is pledged, in the exercise of his own inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, so to act as not to interfere with any other person in the free exercise of his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Any person who so acts as to restrict or interfere with the free exercise of any other person's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, denies the principle, to the maintenance of which he is pledged; and does in effect subvert the government.

For, rights being equal, if any one may so act, then every other one has equal right to do the same: and thus no man's right would be recognized, the government of Liberty would be supplanted with a government of some other form. And that would inevitably be a despotism.

"Therefore by every instinct, personal as well as general, private as well as public, every individual of the people is pledged in his own enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, so to conduct himself as not to infringe in the least degree the equal right of every other one to the free and full exercise of his enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

"Thus the Declaration of Independence announces, all American Liberty is the perfect principle of civil government. If this principle were conformed to by each one individually, the government would be a perfect civil government. For it is simply the principle of self-government—government of

the people, by the people, and for the people. Each one governs himself, he does it for his own good and in that the good of all."—*

The men of the Restoration had a simple process of glorifying the Past, the Middle Ages, they applied a glazing which they called social order, divine right, respect of elders, morality, religion; and they called it logic. These soothsayers insist upon forms composed of suppressions, bigotry, affected devotions, prejudices. These forms are phantoms which have nails of brass and teeth of iron in the smoke, and they are tenacious of life. The question may properly be asked,—Is it the fate of humanity to eternally combat phantoms in the dark?

These men, smiling, gilded, with their elbows on a velvet table, insisting on demeanor and the preservation of the Past, gloried in low tones, the sword, the stake, the scaffold; these with three hundred thousand privileged persons absorbing the whole country with its riches.

Meanwhile overwhelming difficulties appeared, piles of shadows covered the horizon. There was distress of the people, laborers without bread, prostitution of women, the fate of the child.

The people of thought and of toil beheld a hideous balance whose two scales, pauperism and paracitism, mournfully preserving their equilibrium, oscillate before them.

On the brow of this people of toil and of thought appeared wrath in crater-like crimson, the sign of a possible revolution.

The government saw this and was uneasy, but counted on

* A. T. Jones, "American Sentinel of Religious Liberty."

the passive obedience of its legions of soldiers to repress all violent protests by the force of arms in the name of Public Order.

THE STORY OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

One day, Evadne, without knowing why she did it, mounted the little stairway and went up to the attic of the grand old mansion, looking around she saw a lot of old books, and began to look them over. Soon she found the notes which her father had made. Out of curiosity she glanced them over, as she did so, astonishment and surprise seized her. What loftiness of sentiment: wonderful revelation; facts of history of which she had never heard. She read a long while. Then daily she ascended the stairs to the attic to read. There was also a copy of the New Testament, St. James translation, from which her father had quoted much; this she eagerly read, her soul was dazzled by the beauty and simplicity of that "sweet story of old."

She suspected that she had been deceived concerning her father. She had.

In this bewilderment of her God-given faculties, overwhelmed with sorrow, amid clouds and thick darkness in the separation from her lover, she now determined to go to the root of the whole matter until she knew the truth for herself. For did not the Master say, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Evadne read the story of how Religious Liberty was won in America.

This story is good for the people of the world in our day, and we shall set it down at this point. *Lest we forget it, lest we forget it.*

THE STORY

"It was in Virginia where was begun for this nation and for all mankind the contest for Religious Liberty. And from Virginia, and by the very same men by whom it was begun, it was carried into the field of national affairs, and was there established as Constitutional.

And in Virginia at its beginning, the contest had no reference whatever to the union or to the separation of church and State. It had reference only and wholly to the union or the separation of religion, specifically 'the Christian' and the State.

"Also, be it understood that when this contest was begun, it was not for the purpose of separating church and State.

"It was not even for the purpose of separating religion and the State.

"It was expressly and wholly to prevent the union of 'the Christian religion' and the State.

"It was to preserve the full Religious Liberty that people of Virginia had, and which was sought to be subverted by a union of the 'Christian Religion' and the State.

"There had been in Virginia the union of church and State. But that had been swept away December, 1776.

"Thus the people of Virginia were free from all connection between church and State. They had Religious Liberty.

"Then it was that there was begun the effort to subvert this Religious Liberty by a union of the Christian religion and the State.

"And, in the triumphant defeat of that effort to subvert

Religious Liberty by a union of the 'Christian Religion' and the State, there was confirmed to the people of Virginia, and secured to the people of the whole nation, the Religious Liberty that is Christian, that is Protestant, that is American, and that is Constitutional."

THE FACTS

"In 1778, by the Episcopilians and the Methodists, petitions were presented to the General Assembly of Virginia, pleading for the levy of a general tax for the support of 'teachers of the Christian religion.'

"A bill was framed accordingly, entitled, 'A Bill Establishing a Provision for Teachers of the Christian Religion.'

"This movement was opposed by the Baptists, the Quakers and the Presbyterians; and in the General Assembly, the opposition was led by Thomas Jefferson.

"To the opposition, in 1779, Jefferson gave a rallying point by the introduction of a bill entitled, 'An Act for Establishing Religious Freedom.'

"The bill establishing a provision for teachers of the 'Christian Religion' was defeated after it had been ordered to the third reading, in 1779.

"Then Jefferson's bill, 'For Establishing Religious Freedom' was submitted to the 'whole people of Virginia for their deliberate reflection,' before the vote should be taken on it in the legislature. By this time, 1780, this whole subject was put into the background by the transcendent interests of the War for Independence.

"Yet the contest for the subversion of Religious Liberty by establishing the 'Christian Religion' was allowed to be

only secondary to the actual War for Independence. For at the first opportunity, in the fall of 1784, the subject was again forced upon the General Assembly by the former petitioners under the lead of the 'Protestant Episcopal Church.'

"Their petitions were now favored by Patrick Henry, Harrison, then governor; Pendleton, Chancellor, Richard Henry Lee, and many other of the foremost men. These alleged a decay of public morals, and the remedy asked for was a general assessment.

"Patrick Henry introduced a resolution to allow the presentation of a bill in accordance with the wishes of the petitioners. Against all opposition, leave to bring in the bill was granted by forty-seven votes against thirty-two. And there was again introduced the same old, 'Bill Establishing a Provision for Teachers of the Christian Religion.'

"The opposition was the same as formerly except the Presbyterian Clergy swerved and 'accepted the measure.'

"The leader of the opposition was now James Madison, instead of Thomas Jefferson, because Jefferson was out of the country as minister to France. However, by correspondence, he continued in the contest. Washington was also of the opposition in behalf of Religious Liberty.

"Again the bill was successfully carried to the third reading. There its progress was checked and the vote prevented by a motion that the matter be postponed to the next General Assembly, and that meantime the bill be printed and distributed among the people for their deliberate consideration. This motion the more easily carried because of the fact that Jefferson's bill of 1779 was still before the people for their consideration.

"Thus in the two bills there was now before the whole people of Virginia for their consideration and action, the whole subject in both its aspects: Religious Liberty, and the establishment of the 'Christian Religion.'

"From the sea to the mountains and beyong them, all the State was alive with the discussion. The strongest men of the times of the Revolution, with all their splendid powers, were in the contest. The result was that when the legislature of Virginia assembled, no person was willing to bring forward the Assessment Bill; and it was never heard of more. And Jefferson's original 'Bill Establishing Religious Freedom' was immediately passed by the House, December, 1785, by a vote of nearly four to one, and by Senate, January 16, 1786.

"Thus triumphantly Religious Liberty gained the day.

"And it was Religious Liberty against 'the Establishment of the Christian Religion.'

"It was Religious Liberty against the State recognition or support of the 'Christian Religion.'

AS CONSTITUTIONAL

"Out of that campaign which they had led to such a triumphant issue in Virginia, Madison and Washington went directly into the convention that framed the Constitution for the whole nation. And they carried with them there and into the Constitution the same principles of Religious Liberty in the total exclusion of the State from any recognition of Religion, that they had made triumphant in Virginia.

"That great discussion in Virginia had not been confined to Virginia. It had spread throughout all the other States.

And when the Constitution embodying these principles of Religious Liberty came before the whole people of the United States for ratification, the whole people were fully prepared. And because of this the people of the United States not only ratified what had been done, but they made the Constitution more emphatic for Religious Liberty by the very first words of the first Amendment: 'Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of Religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.'

"And President Washington completed the splendid story, and his part in it, by writing as 'A part of the supreme law,' the crowning words:

" 'The government of the United States is not in any sense founded upon the Christian Religion.'

"Thus, certainly do the facts demonstrate that the American and Constitutional principle of Religious Liberty is not separation of church and State only, nor as such, but is expressly the separation of religion and the State, and specifically the Christian religion.

"In all the documents that are the essential features of the issue, there is not once found the phrase, 'Church and State,' nor any phrase of the same import: As indeed by the very nature of the issue there was no room for any.

"Throughout, the phrases are 'Religion,' in the abstract, 'The Christian Religion,' 'Christianity,' 'the legal establishment of Christianity.'

"This is what was opposed in the interests of Religious Liberty.

PRINCIPLES AND ARGUMENT

"Those who won for this nation and for the world this

Religious Liberty, said that the proposal for the legal recognition and support of 'the Christian Religion' was entirely subversive of Religious Liberty.

"This is so, they said, because it is a 'departure from the plan of the holy author of our religion, who, being Lord of both body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercion of either, as was in His Almighty power to do.'

"They said that it is 'a contradiction to the Christian religion, and even a contradiction in terms, because a religion not invented by human policy must have pre-existed and been supported before it was established by human policy.'

"They said that the bill implies, either that the civil magistrate is a competent judge of religious truths, or, that he may employ religion as an engine of civil policy.

"The first is an arrogant pretension, falsified by the contradictory opinions of rulers in all ages, and throughout the world:

"The second, an unhallowed perversion of the means of salvation."

INALIENABLE RIGHT

"They said that to judge for ourselves and to engage in the exercise of religion agreeable to the dictates of our own consciences, is an unalienable right, which, upon the principles on which the Gospel was first propagated and the Reformation from popery carried on, can never be transferred to another.

"This right is in its nature an unalienable right.

"Because the opinions of men, depending only on the evidence contemplated in their own minds, cannot follow the dictates of other men;

"Also because what is here a right towards men is a duty towards the Creator.

"It is the duty of every man to render to the Creator such homage, and such only, as he believes to be acceptable to Him. This duty is precedent both in order of time and in degree of obligation, to the claims of civil society.

EQUALITY

"They said that the bill violates that equality which ought to be the basis of every law:

"Whilst we assert for ourselves a freedom to embrace, to profess, and to observe, the religion which we believe to be of divine origin, we cannot deny an equal freedom to those whose minds have not yet yielded to the evidence which has convinced us.'

"If this freedom be abused, it is an offense against God, not against man. To God, therefore, not to man, must an account of it be rendered.'

THE FRUITS

"They said, 'The question has been stated as if it were, is religion necessary? The true question is, are establishments necessary to religion?'

"The answer is, they corrupt religion. The enforced support of the Christian religion dishonors Christianity.

"During almost fifteen centuries has the legal establishment of Christianity been on trial. What have been its fruits, more or less, in all places?

"Pride and indolence in the clergy, ignorance and servility in the laity; in both, superstition, bigotry and persecution.

"What influence, in fact, have ecclesiastical establishments had on civil society?

"In some instances they have been seen to erect a spiritual tyranny on the ruins of civil authority.

"In many instances they have been upholding the thrones of political tyranny.

"In no instance have they been seen the guardians of the liberties of the people."

NO SUCH AUTHORITY

"They said that, 'The same authority which can force a citizen to contribute three pence only, of his property, for the support of any one establishment may force him to conform to any other establishment in all cases whatever.'

"To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical.

"'Either, then, we must say that the will of the Legislature is the measure of their authority, and that in the plenitude of that authority they may sweep away all our fundamental rights.'

"'Or that they are bound to leave this particular right untouched and sacred.'

"'Either we must say that they may control the freedom of the press, may abolish the trial by jury, may swallow up the executive and judicial powers of the State; nay, that they may despoil us of our very rights of suffrage, and erect themselves into an independent and hereditary assembly.'

"'Or we must say that they have no authority to enact into law, the bill under consideration.'

“ ‘We say that the General Assembly of this commonwealth has no such authority.’ ”

THE CERTAIN CONSEQUENCES

“They said: ‘Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity in exclusion of all other religions, may establish with the same ease any particular sect of Christianity in exclusion of all other sects?’

“ ‘In the event of a statute for the support of the Christian religion, are the courts of law to decide what is Christianity? and as a consequence, decide what is authority and what is heresy?’

“ ‘It is impossible for the magistrate to adjudge the right of preference among the various sects that profess the Christian faith, without erecting a claim to infallibility which would lead us back to the Church of Rome.’ ”

THE INQUISITION

“They said: ‘What a melancholy mark is this bill of sudden degeneracy: Instead of holding forth an asylum to the persecuted, it is a signal of persecution.’ ”

“Distant as it may be in its present form from the inquisition, it differs from it only in degree. The one is the first step, the other is the last, in the career of intolerance.

“Nothing is more evident, both in reason and the holy Scriptures, than that religion is ever a matter between God and individuals. Therefore, no man or men can impose any religious test without invading the essential prerogatives of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“Ministers first assumed the power under the Christian

name, and then Constantine approved of the practice when he adopted the profession of Christianity as an engine for State policy; and let the history of all nations be searched from that day to this, and it will appear that the imposing of religious tests has been the greatest engine of tyranny in the world."

THE FIRST DUTY

"They said that, 'It is proper to take alarm at the first experiment upon our liberties. We hold this prudent jealousy to be the first duty of a citizen, and one of the noblest characteristics of the late Revolution.

"The freemen of America did not wait till usurped power had strengthened itself by exercise, and entangled the question in precedents. They saw all the consequences in the principle. And they avoided the consequences by denying the principle.'

"We revere this lesson too much, soon to forget.' "

* * * *

After days, weeks, even months of reading, the mind of this girl was completely revolutionized. Her father and lover now seemed to her like heroes worthy of mention in the Temple of Fame. Her one anxiety now was, that they should be restored to her. What happened?

Monsieur Cammille was at this time ill in the hospital. He felt that the end was approaching, and he longed and mourned for his daughter.

Now, Evadne had decided to devote her life to philanthropy, she was in the habit of visiting the sick in this hospital. Accordingly, one day when she went there the nurse

called her attention to a white haired man, saying, "He mourns for his daughter."

"What is his name?" inquired Evadne.

"Monsieur Cammille," answered the nurse.

Evadne approached. He was asleep. She took a seat by his side and began to sing softly, the "Marseillaise." He opened his eyes, gazed intently into her face and soon learned that it was his daughter.—What joy!

When Evadne was sure of her faith, she said to Madame Cammille, "Mother, we have been mistaken concerning the keys of the kingdom which the Lord gave to Saint Peter."

"What do you mean?" inquired Madame Cammille in surprise.

"The kingdom of God is not the Roman Catholic Church that great church kingdom as we have been taught to believe. It is far different than any church power that can ever be formed by man." Madame Cammille interrupted, "You intend to question the magnificent Church; are you wiser than all the holy popes, and the great men of all these centuries?"

"Mother, hear the Holy Scriptures:—

Evadne reads: "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." "Ye are come unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem—to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven." "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—"That," said Evadne, "is the true Catholic Church, of that church, the church of Rome is not even a part, and Jerusalem, not Rome, is the Eternal City."

"For Christ, not the Pope, is the head of the Church." "God—hath put all things under His (Christ's) feet and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." How truly universal is that church, how magnificent, the other is very petty and mean."

Madame Cammile grew pale, then crimson—presently she exclaimed, "Abominable child, you shall see, you shall be punished for your heresy."

Evadne said, "I fear not the Pope, I fear God only."

She was locked in a hideous room and left alone.

Gal. 4:26; Heb. 12:22, 23; Eph. 3:14, 15; 1:17, 22, 23.

CHAPTER XII.

RUMORS AND TUMULTS

"The year of 1832 opened with something impending and dreadful. Plots, conspiracies, risings and cholera added the sombre roar of tumults of events to the sombre roar of ideas

"Toward the beginning of May there were signs of a vast underlying conflagration, something terrible was in preparation.

"The Faubourgh Saint Antoine, more than any other group, accentuated the situation and made it felt. That was the sore point. This old faubourgh, peopled like an ant hill, laborious, courageous, and angry as a hive of bees, was quivering with expectation, and with a desire for a tumult. In this faubourgh exists poignant distress hidden under attic roofs, there also exists rare and ardent minds: distress and intelligence are two extremes, dangerous when they meet.

"In the wine shops, people were grave and gloomy; there they publicly discussed the question of fighting or keeping quiet. The government was there purely and simply called in question.

"The government one day received a warning that arms and two hundred thousand cartridges had just been distributed in the faubourgh. On the following week thirty thousand cartridges were distributed. The remarkable point about it was that the police were not able to seize a single one. An intercepted letter read:

" 'The day is not far distant when, within four hours by the clock, eighty thousand patriots will be under arms.'

The various groups of societies for liberty of the press, individual liberty, instruction of the people, etc., all affiliated now were about to plunge into a frightful adventure.

On the evening of the fourth of June and the morning of the fifth, the Faubourgh Saint Antoine assumed a formidable aspect, the net work of streets were filled with people; they armed themselves as best they might.

There was a funeral. A man of action and renown in the interest of liberty had died: an event like the spark that discharges the artillery.

Moreover the revolutionary fever was growing. Not a point in Paris, nor in France was exempt from it. The artery was beating everywhere.

On the fifth of June, a day of rain and sun, the funeral procession traversed Paris with official pomp. Somewhat augmented through precaution.

"Two battalions with draped drums and reversed arms, ten thousand National Guards, with their swords at their sides, escorted the coffin. The hearse was drawn by young men. The officers came immediately behind it bearing laurel branches. Then came an innumerable strangely agitated multitude. The sectionaries of the friends of the people, the law school, the medical school, refugees of all nationalities, and Spanish, Italian, German and Polish flags, tricolored, horizontal banners, every possible sort of banners. Children waving green boughs, stone cutters and carpenters who were on the strike at the moment; printers who were recognized by their paper caps, marching two by two, three by three,

uttering cries; nearly all of them brandishing sticks, some brandishing sabers; without order and yet with a single soul; now a tumultuous rout, again a single column. Squads chose themselves leaders; a man armed with a pair of pistols in full view, seemed to pass the host in review and the files separated before him.

On the side alleys of the boulevards, in the branches of the trees, on balconies, in windows, on roofs, swarmed the heads of men, women and children, all eyes filled with anxiety.

An armed host was passing, and a terrified throng was looking on.

"The government in its side was taking observation. It observed with its hand on the sword. Four squadrons of carbineers could be seen in the Place Louis XV, in their saddles with cartridge boxes filled and muskets loaded, all in readiness to march. In the Latin country and at the Jardin des Plantes, the municipal guard echelonned from street to street. At the Halle-Aux-Vins, a squadron of dragoons; at the Greve, half twelfth light infantry, the other half being at the Bastile, the sixth dragoons at the Celestins and the court yard of the Louvre full of artillery. The remainder of the troops were confined to their barracks, without reckoning the regiments of the environs of Paris.

"Power being uneasy, held suspended over the menacing multitude, twenty-four thousand soldiers in the city and thirty thousand in the banlieue.

The procession proceeded with feverish slowness from the house of the deceased by way of the boulevards as far as the Bastile. It rained from time to time; the rain mattered nothing to the throng. Many incidents, the coffin borne round

Vendome Column, stones thrown at the Duc de Fitz-James who was seen on a balcony with his hat on his head, the Gallic cock torn from a popular flag and dragged in the mire, a policeman wounded with a blow from a sword, the Polytechnic school coming up unexpectedly against orders to remain at home, the shouts of "Long live the Polytechnic," "Long live the Republic," marked the funeral train.

Jehan was not intending to go to the funeral. With a constant sob in his heart, he had continued to wear a smile on his face which did not prevent pallor from taking the place of the bloom of health. His father had noticed this pallor and suspected that there had been some interruption in his love affair, and divined the cause of it, but said nothing until that day, the day of the funeral. He was greatly agitated because of the impending conflict.

He said, "My son, the people do not want your republic, they know well that there has always been kings and that there will always be kings."

Jehan replied, "Kings engender parasites and paupers. Parasites above, paupers below; as long as there are kings, there will be prostitution of women and endless night for the child."

Monsieur Lenormand exclaimed, "Do you think that that rabble can change the face of the universe into paradise? Psst! you young men are a pack of fools, you go and join the republicans and you deliberate, I will tell you who they are, they are barbarians, released galley slaves and returned convicts. That's what they are,—idiot."

Jehan replied, "The revolution put an end to torture,—barbarians, you say,—very well, as for me, I prefer the bar-

barians of civilization to the barbarism of civilized men," and he went out.

But it must not be supposed that Jehan was so completely detached from self interest that his father's words had no effect; he thought,—yes it is true, I have lost my love and besides what can we hope to accomplish, I have seen enough of this.

He wandered about the streets like a dreamer in despair. All at once he was aroused by the roar of tumult in the city. Going on he saw a man with bare arms carrying a black flag on which could be read in white letters, "Republic or Death." He sat down on a bench and began to weep. That was horrible. With bowed head he meditated thus, "Shall I forsake my friends now in the time when they need me?" He thought of "America," and a certain rectification took possession of his mind. He lifted his head and saw the funeral procession. Soon a familiar voice, "Hohee." Jehan, come with us. It was Charles at the head of the band of students. Jehan joined the procession.

Monsieur Lenormand, deeply anxious for his son's safety, called his servant James and sent him to follow Jehan to see what would become of him.

A little while before this event, Madame Cammille, after a severe illness, died, Evadne had been released from her imprisonment because of her mother's illness. After the funeral and the time of mourning, Evadne disguised herself in male attire in order to escape further imprisonment.

On the fifth of June, the cry "To Arms" and the incessant ringing of the tocsin of Saint Merry, filled her with alarm. She feared that Jehan would be killed. She called Philip,

her servant, and sent him to make inquiry concerning Jehan. He arrived at the gate of Monsieur Lenormand just as James was going out. Philip and James went on together.

"At the Bastile long files of curious and formidable people who descended the faubourgh Saint Antoine, effected a junction with the procession, and a certain terrible seething began to agitate the throng.

"One man was heard to say to another, 'do you see that fellow over there, he's the one who will give the word when we are to fire.'

"The hearse passed the Bastile, traversed the small bridge, and reached the esplanade of the bridge of Austerlitz, there it halted. A circle was traced around the hearse. The vast rout held their peace. Lafayette spoke and bade General Lamarque farewell.

"This was a touching and august instant. All heads uncovered, all hearts beat high.

"All at once a man on horseback clad in black made his appearance in the middle of the group with a red flag. The red flag raised a storm and disappeared in the midst of it. Clamors which resemble billows stirred the multitude.

"In the meantime the municipal cavalry on the left bank had been set in motion, and came to bar the bridge on the right bank, the dragoons emerged from the Celestine and deployed along the Quai Morland. Men shouted, "The dragoons."

"The dragoons advanced at a walk, in silence, with their pistols in their holsters, their swords in their scabbards, their guns slung in their leather sockets, with an air of gloomy expectation.

"They halted two hundred paces from the little bridge. At that moment the crowd and the dragoons touched. The women fled in terror. What took place at that fatal moment no one can tell. The fact is, three shots were fired, the first killed the chief of the squadron, the second killed an old deaf woman, and the third singed the shoulder of an officer. All at once a squadron of dragoons was seen to debouch at a gallop with bared swords, through the Rue Bouviers, and the Boulevard Bourdon, sweeping all before them.

A FRIGHTFUL ADVENTURE

"Then all is said, the tempest is loosed, stones rain down, a fusillade breaks forth, many precipitate themselves to the bottom of the bank and pass the small arm of the Seine, now filled in, the timber yard of the Isle Louviers, that vast citadel ready in hand bustles with combatants, stakes are torn up, pistol shots are fired, a barricade begun; the municipal guard, the carbineers, rush up, the dragoons ply their swords, the crowd disperses in all directions, a rumor of war flies to all parts of Paris, men shout, "To Arms," they tumble down, flee, resist. Wrath spreads abroad the riot as wind spreads the fire.

"And then, on the right bank, and the left bank, on the quays, on the boulevards, in the Latin country, in the quarter of the Halles, panting men, artisans, students, members of sections, read proclamations and shouted: 'To Arms,' broke street lanterns, unharnessed carriages, unpaved the streets, broke in the doors of houses, uprooted trees, rummaged cellars, rolled out hogsheads, heaped up paving stones, rough slabs, furniture and planks, and made barricades.

"In less than an hour, twenty-seven barricades sprang out of the earth in the quarter of Halles alone, without reckoning the innumerable barricades in twenty other quarters of Paris.

"At five o'clock in the evening, a third of Paris was in the hands of the rioters. The conflict had been begun on a gigantic scale at all points, and, as the result of the disarming, domiciliary visits, and armorers' shops hastily invaded, was, that the combat which had begun with the throwing of stones was continued with gunshots.

"About six o'clock in the evening the Passage du Samuau became the field of battle. The uprising was at one end, the troops were at the other. They fired from one gate to the other.

"Meanwhile the call to arms was beaten, the National Guard armed in haste, the legions emerged from the mayoralties, the regiments from their barracks. Opposite the passage a drummer boy received a blow from a dagger, another was assailed in the Rue by thirty young men who broke his instrument and took away his sword, another was killed. In the Rue three officers fell dead one after another, many of the municipal guards being wounded, retreated.

"In front of the Cour-Batave a detachment of the National Guard found a red flag bearing this inscription: 'Republican Revolution No. 127.' Was this a revolution in fact?

"The insurrection had made of the center of Paris a sort of inextricable tortuous citadel. The proof that all would be decided there lay in the fact that no fighting was going on there as yet.

"In some regiments the soldiers were uncertain, which ad-

ded to the fearful uncertainty of the crisis. Two intrepid men, tried in great wars, the Marshal Labou and General Bugeaud, were in command Bugeaud under Labau. Enormous patrols composed of battalions of the line, enclosed in entire companies of the National Guard, and preceded by a commissary of police wearing his scarf of office, went to reconnoitre the streets in rebellion. The insurrection, on their side, placed videttes at the corners of all open spaces, and audaciously sent their patrols outside the barricades. Each side was watching the other side. The government with an army in its hand, hesitated. The night was almost upon them, and the Saint Merry tocsin began to make itself heard. The minister of war regarded this with a gloomy air.

“These old sailors were utterly disconcerted in the presence of that immense foam called public wrath.

“The National Guards of the suburbs rushed up in haste and disorder, a battalion of the twelfth light came at a run from Saint Denis, the fourteenth of the Line arrived from Courbevoie, the batteries of the Military School had taken up their position on the Corrousel; cannons were descending from Vincennes.

“Solitude was around the Tuilleries. Louis Philippe was perfectly serene.

“Evening came, the theatres did not open; the patrols circulated with an air of irritation; passers-by were searched; suspicious persons were arrested. By nine o’clock more than eight hundred persons had been arrested; the prefecture of police was encumbered with them, so was La Force. Elsewhere prisoners slept in the open air, in meadows, piled on top of each other.

"Anxiety reigned everywhere.

"People barricaded themselves in their houses; wives and mothers were uneasy; nothing was heard but this, 'Ah, my God, he has not come home.' There was hardly even the rumble of a distant vehicle to be heard. People listened on their thresholds, to the rumors, the shouts, the tumults, to the trumpet, the drum, the firing and above all to the lamentable alarm peal of Saint Merry.

"The band led by Charles had flung themselves into the Rue de la Hanverie. Terror seized on the street at the interruption of the mob. Like the flash of lightning all shops, stables, doors, windows and shutters were closed from ground floor to roof. One building, a cafe, alone remained open, and that for the reason that the mob had rushed it and took possession of it. In front of this building a barricade was built in less than an hour without hindrance. In the rear was an island of houses with many narrow angled lanes and crannies between. An attack was not possible from that side; all other sides were closed by the barricade, it was nearly impregnable.

In the kitchen they moulded into bullets, pewter mugs, spoons, forks and all the brass table ware of the establishment. On the tables were mixed pell mell caps and buckshot, and glasses of wine. Women tore dish towels and made lint.

"When the barricade was finished, a table was brought out. Charles mounted on the table and distributed cartridges. They loaded the guns and carbines with solemn gravity.

"Then, the posts having been assigned, the sentinels sta-

tioned, they waited alone, enveloped in the deepening shades of twilight, in the midst of silence through which something could be felt advancing and which had about it something terrifying.

CHAPTER XIII.

PASSING GLEAMS

The insurgents were full of hope. The manner in which they had repulsed the first attack caused them to await the second almost with disdain. They waited for it with a smile. They had no more doubt as to their success than as to their cause. Moreover, succor was evidently on the way to them. They reckoned on it.

Charles had been out reconningering and had returned; he stood with folded arms listening to all this joy and enthusiasm. He shook his head and said:

"In one hour you will be attacked. A third of the army of Paris is bearing down upon the barricade in which you now are; there is the National Guard in addition. So far everything has miscarried: only four barricades sustained the first attack, this one and three others. As for the populace it was seething, now it is not stirring. There is nothing to expect, nothing to hope for, neither from a faubourgh nor from a regiment. You are abandoned."

These words effected an undescribable silence. Then a white haired man arose and exclaimed, "So be it; let us remain in the barricade and let us offer the protest of dead corpses; let us show that if the people abandon the republicans, the republicans do not abandon the people."

The speaker was one of those illustrious Frenchmen who

had spent the best years of his life fighting side by side with the Americans in their struggle for Independence.

These words proceeded from the honesty of a great heart condensed in justice and truth. The effect freed the thought of all from the painful cloud of individual anxieties ; it was hailed with an enthusiastic acclamation.

The situation of Jehan in that fatal hour and pitiless place, had as a result a culminating point in the supreme sadness of his lost love. All at once he mounted a stone post ; he threw back his head, his abundant dark locks fell back like the mane of a startled lion in the flaming of a halo ; a sort of stifled fire darted from his eyes which were filled with an inward look.

Jehan cried, "Citizens, we are on the field of battle ; the street is the field ; we are engaged in civil war. It is a combat of darkness between Frenchmen. The question is no longer that of sacred territory, but of a holy idea ; it is that of sacred duty. You say, 'Down with the tyrant.' Of whom are you speaking ? do you call 'Louis Philippe' a tyrant ? No more than Louis XVI. Both of them are what history is in the habit of calling good kings. But both represent in a certain measure the confiscation of right ; so-called the divine right of kings. Kings create a false and dangerous situation. This leads to two extremes, monstrous opulence and monstrous wretchedness. A situation which sates public power on private misery, which sets the roots of the State in the sufferings of the individual, a badly constituted grandeur in which are combined all the national elements and in which the moral sense does not enter.

"Monarchy is a foreigner ; it is despotism violating the moral frontier. An enormous fortress of prejudices, privil-

eges, suppressions, lies, exactions, abuses, violences, iniquities and darkness stands erect in this world with its towers of hatred. It must be cast down; this monstrous mass must be made to crumble. Is there just and unjust war?

"War is iniquitous when engaged in assassinating the right, reason, truth; what cause is more just, consequently what war greater than that which re-establishes social truth, restores her throne to liberty, restores the people to the people, restores sovereignty to man and places the human race once more on the level with right. Citizens, onward and courage, we are about to die; that is to say, triumph here.

"Whatever happens today through our defeat as well as through our victory, it is a revolution that we are about to create, which will illumine the whole human race. The revolution which we shall cause is the revolution of the true. From a political point of view, there is but a single principle, the sovereignty of man over himself. The sovereignty of myself is liberty. Where two or three of these sovereignties are combined the State begins, but in that association there is no abdication. Each sovereignty concedes a certain quantity of itself for the purpose of forming the common right; this quantity is the same for all of us. This identity of concession which each makes to all is called equality. Common right is nothing else than the protection of all beaming on the right of each. This protection of all over each is called fraternity. The liberty of each ends only where another's begins. Such is the beginning of an ideal civil government, and when it shall multiply to countless millions, the principle remains the same.

The government remains absolutely impersonal; all the

power there is of it, is derived from the consent of the governed; in it there is no paternalism; each individual is regarded as possessing certain rights; and that being men indeed, are perfectly capable of deciding for themselves what is best for their happiness and the way in which to pursue it, and not to be dealt with as with children.

“Among the rights bestowed upon man as an endowment of his existence direct from the Lord and Creator of us all, are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Being thus bestowed they are inalienable; in that fact abdication is impossible.

“Citizens, let us come to an understanding about equality; for if liberty is the summit, equality is the base. Equality, citizens, is not a surface vegetation, a society of great blades of grass and tiny oaks; a proximity of jealousies which render each other null and void; legally speaking, it is all aptitudes possessed of the same opportunity; politically, it is all votes possessed of the same weight, equally it is all consciences possessed of the same right.

“The solution of everything by universal suffrage is absolutely a modern fact; but it is not new; it is a God-given principle which has been understood by thinkers in all ages.

“Citizens, do you picture to yourselves the future; the streets of cities inundated with light, green branches shading the door-ways, old men blessing little children, thinkers entirely at liberty, believers on terms of full equality, for religion, heaven; God the direct prest, human conscience become the altar, no more hatreds, the fraternity of the workshop and the school, peace over all; no more blood-shed, no more wars, happy mothers. Then there will be nothing more like

the history of old, we shall no longer as today, have to fear a conquest, an invasion, a usurpation, a rivalry of nations, an interruption of civilization depending on the marriage of kings, on a birth in hereditary tyrannies. A combat of two religions meeting face to face in the dark like two stags on the bridge of eternity. We shall no longer have to fear famine, prostitution arising from distress, misery from the failure of work, and the scaffold and the sword. Now the law of progress is that monsters shall disappear before the angels, and that fatality shall vanish before fraternity.

"Friends, the hour in which I am addressing you is a gloomy hour. It is a bad time to pronounce the word love; no matter, I do pronounce it, and I glorify it. Love, the future is thine. Citizens, in the future there will be neither darkness nor thunderbolts, neither ferocious ignorance nor bloody retaliation. As there will be no more Satan there will be no more war. Oh, the human race will accomplish its law, be delivered, raised up, and consoled: we affirm it on this barricade. Whence shall proceed that cry, love, if not from the heights of sacrifice? Oh, my brothers, this is the point of junction of those who think and of those who suffer; this barricade is not made of stones, or of timber and bits of iron; it is made of a heap of ideas and a heap of woes. Here misery meets ideal. From the embrace of all desolations faith leaps forth. In the future no one will kill anyone else, the earth will beam with radiance, the human race will love. The day will come, citizens, when all will be concord, harmony, light, joy and life; it will come, and it is in order that it may come that we are about to die. Brothers, he who dies

here, dies in the glory of the future, and we are entering a tomb all flooded with the radiance of dawn."

Jehan paused. All gazed at him intently, desiring to hear more.

This is the way they reasoned; those young men in the bloom of health and youth. Heroes of the French Revolution.

Suddenly in the midst of the dismal calm, a mysterious movement was heard at a certain distance. It was evident that the critical moment was approaching; several moments passed, then a sound of footsteps, measured, heavy, numerous, approached with a terrible continuity.

Each man took his position for the conflict.

They knelt inside the barricade with their heads on a level with the crest of the barricade, the barrels of their guns and carbines aimed on the stones, attentive, mute, ready to fire. Some installed themselves at the windows of the building with their guns leveled at their shoulders.

In this attack a cannon was approaching. They could see the smoke of the burning lint stock.

The footsteps were that of a throng approaching. This tread drew nearer, still nearer and stopped.

It was night, they could not be seen, but in that dense obscurity a multitude of metallic threads could be distinguished. These were bayonets and gun barrels, confusedly illumined by the distant reflection of a torch.

A pause ensued as though both sides were waiting. All at once from the depths of the darkness, a voice shouted,—
"Who goes there?"

At the same time the click of guns as they were lowered into position was heard.

Charles replied in tones of great dignity,—

“The French Revolution.”

“Lay down your arms,” commanded the officer.

“Long live the Republic,” shouted the insurgents.

“Fire!” shouted the voice.

A flash empurpled all the facades in the street as though the door of a furnace had been flung open. The attack was a hurricane, the cannon began to roar; the army hurled itself on the barricade with beating drums, trumpets braying, bayonets leveled, the sappers at their head, and imperturbable under the projectiles, charged straight for the barricade with the weight of a brazen beam against the wall.

The wall held firm.

The insurgents fired impetuously.

James had entered the barricade disguised as an unknown recruit; he cared for the wounded and at the same time kept his eye on Jehan.

Philip had returned to tell Evadne that Jehan was in a barricade, engaged in civil war.

“Oh,” cried Evadne, “he will be killed. Order the carriage at once and take me to the barricade.”

Evadne was in male attire.

The barricade in which Jehan was, was at the extreme edge of the invested quarter. They found their way to it from the side not invaded, through those narrow, many angled lanes. The carriage was left at a distance, not far away. There at the corner of the building in a curtain of

shadow they could see inside the barricade without being seen.

At the extremity of the barricade, not far from the point where Evadne and Phillip stood, Jehan fought unprotected. He stood with about half his body above the breastworks. He seemed like a phantom engaged in firing a gun.

A soldier was taking aim at Jehan. Evadne saw this, darted forward with the swiftness of lightning, laid hold of the arm of the soldier, and disappeared in the shade. The shot sped, grazed Jehan's shoulder. He fell to the ground, he had received many wounds.

With the agility of a tiger, James sprang forward, seized Jehan and bore him off.

All this happened in the thick cloud of combat. No one saw the act of Evadne. The act of James was not noticed.

Jehan was taken to his home. There his father had passed the last twelve hours in despair. Jehan was unconscious and seemed to be dead. Monsieur Lenormand was now beside himself with grief. He went suddenly into his room. Did he have some sinister intention? His sister, Maria, a widow who had for years kept house for him, feared. She looked in, cautiously. He was on his knees praying. Up to that time he had believed but little in God.

Jehan recovered. Monsieur Lenormand told his son that it was Evadne who had flung herself into the battle and saved his life by turning aside the aim of the soldier. This news had the effect of "the joy of life after the agony of death."

Jehan and Evadne beheld each other once more.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND

The French revolution had many friends throughout the world. There were some whose names are famous in the annals of history; of one we will make mention—Beethoven. We do this by request of Miss Hazel Loviner, one of the gifted young musicians of Los Angeles.

Believing that it will be helpful to the lover of Liberty who may chance to read this narrative, we quote from the following work:

BEETHOVEN

A CHARACTER STUDY

BY

GEORGE ALEXANDER FISCHER

If Bach is the mathematician of music, as has been asserted, Beethoven is its philosopher. In his work the philosophic comes to the fore. To the genius of the musician is added in Beethoven a wide mental grasp, an altruistic spirit, that seeks to help humanity on the upward path; he addresses the intellect in mankind.

Up to Beethoven's time, musicians in general (Bach is always an exception), performed their work without the aid

of the intellect, for the most part, they worked by intuition. In everything outside their art they were like children. Beethoven was the first one having independence to think for himself, the first to have ideas on subjects unconnected with his art. He it was who established the dignity of the artist over that of the simply well born. His entire life was a protest against the pretensions of birth over mind. His predecessors, to a great extent, subjected by their social superiors, sought only to please. Nothing farther was expected of them. This mental attitude is apparent in their work. The language of the courtier is usually polished, but without the virility that characterizes the speech of the free man.

Stirring times they were in which he first saw the light, and so indeed continued in ever increasing intensity, like a good drama until nearly the end. The American Revolution became an accomplished fact during his boyhood. Nearer home, events were fast coming to a focus, which culminated in the French Revolution. The magic words Liberty, Equality, Fraternity and the ideas for which they stood were everywhere in the minds of the people. The age called for enlightenment, spiritual growth.

On reaching manhood he found a world in transition; he realized that he was on the threshold of a new order of things, and with ready prescience took advantage of such as could be utilized in his art.

In Beethoven's time and long before the aristocracy led lives of easy, complacent enjoyment, dabbling in art, patronizing music—music and the composers, seemingly with no prevision that the musicians whom they attached to their train, and who in the cases of Mozart and Haydn, were

treated but little better than lackeys, were destined by the irony of fate to occupy places in the temple of fame, which would be denied themselves.

Beethoven, original, independent, iconoclastic, acknowledged no superior, without having yet achieved anything to demonstrate his superiority. Haydn tied down to established forms, subservient, meek, was only happy when sure of the approbation of his superiors.

The third Symphony calls for more than passing notice. Beethoven's altruism is well known. The brotherhood of man was a favorite theme with him. By the aid of his mighty intellect and his intuitional powers he saw more clearly than others the world's great need. The inequalities in social conditions were more clearly marked in those times than now. The French Revolution had set people thinking. Liberty and equality was what they were demanding.

Beethoven did not approve of war; he expressed himself plainly on this point, in after years, but at this period, considered it justifiable and necessary as a means of abolishing what remained of feudal authority.

Beethoven regarded Napoleon as a liberator, as a savior, on his success in restoring order out of chaos in France. It showed considerable moral courage on his part to come out so plainly for Napoleon. A broader question than patriotism was here involved.

Patriotism seeks the good of a small section. Altruism embraces the good of all, thus including patriotism.

This Symphony was the best work which Beethoven had yet accomplished; a work, the grandeur and sublimity of which must have been a surprise to himself. It was conceived

in the spirit of altruism, to show his appreciation of the man whom he believed was destined more than any other to uplift humanity. In the quality of its emotional expression, and also in its dimensions, it far exceeds anything of the kind that had yet appeared.—It is unique as a symphony, just as Napoleon was unique as a man. On finishing the work, he put the name of Bonaparte on the title page.

BONAPARTE

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

With perfect propriety the concept is here established that two great men are before the world; Napoleon and Beethoven, and that the latter is as great in his own province as was Napoleon in his, each being the exponent of a new order of things, co-equal in the achievement of great deeds.

He was on the point of sending it to Paris when the news was brought him by his pupil, Ries, that Napoleon was declared Emperor. In a rage Beethoven tore off the title page containing the dedication and threw it to the floor. "The man will become a tyrant and will trample all human rights under foot. He is no more than an ordinary man," was Beethoven's exclamation.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY

We stand today before the Beethoven symphony as before the landmark of an entirely new period in the history of universal art, for through it there comes into the world a phenomenon not even remotely approached by anything the art of any age or any people has to show us.—Wagner.

It is the work of the seer approaching the end of his life drama, giving with photographic clearness a resume of it. Here are revelations of the inner nature of a man who had delved deeply into the mysteries surrounding life, learning this lesson in the fullest significance, that no great spiritual height is ever attained without renunciation. This world must be left behind. Asking and getting but little from it, giving it of his best; counting as nothing its material advantages, realizing that contact with it, had for him but little joy; the separation from it was nevertheless a hard task. This mystery constantly confronted Beethoven, that even when obeying the truer behests of his nature, peace was not readily attained thereby; often there was instead an accession of unhappiness for the time being. Paradoxically peace was made the occasion for struggle, it had to be wrested from life. No victory is such unless well fought for and dearly bought. This eternal struggle with fate, this conflict forever raging in the heart, runs through all his symphonies, but nowhere is it so strongly depicted as in this, his last. We have here in new picturing, humanity at bay. The apparently uneven battle of the individual with fate, the plight of the human being who finds himself a denizen of a world with which he is entirely out of harmony, who wrought up to despair, finds life impossible yet fears to die,—is here portrayed in dramatic language.

To Wagner the first movement pictured the "idea of the world in its most terrible of lights," something to recoil from. Beethoven's ninth symphony, he says, leads us through the torment of the world relentlessly until the Ode to Joy is reached. Great souls have always taught that the

relief from this *Weltschmerz* (misery) is through the power of love, that universal love alone can transform and redeem the world. This is the central teaching of Jesus. It was Beethoven's solution of the problem of existence. Love for humanity, pity for its unfortunates, hope for its final deliverance, largely occupied his mind.

Through this magic power, sorrows are transformed into peace and happiness. The effect of the chorale finale is that of an outburst of joy at deliverance, a celebration of victory. It is as if Beethoven, with prophetic eye, had been able to pierce the future and foresee a golden age for humanity, an age where altruism was to bring cessation of strife, and where happiness was to be in general. Such happiness as is here celebrated in the *Ode to Joy* can indeed only exist in the world through altruism. Pity, that sentiment which allies man to the divine, comes first. From this proceeds love, and through these, and by these only is happiness possible. This was the gist of Beethoven's thought. He had occupied himself much with sociological questions all his life, always taking the part of the oppressed.

It was many days before Jehan was pronounced out of danger; brain fever had seized him, and he was delirious. But the time came when the doctor said, "He will recover."

One day, looking through the curtains, Jehan saw a princely carriage drive into the court, it was Monsieur Cammille and Evadne. The gladness of that hour had been fought for and dearly won; it was as though they had emerged from the tomb and had suddenly entered Paradise. It seemed to them that their tears and sorrows, their sleepless nights, their anguish, their despair, changed into gladness,

rendered still more charming the charming hour that was approaching. They said it is good that we have suffered, our troubles were so many handmaidens preparing for us the urn of joy.

The lovers saw each other every day during Jehan's convalescence. They went for drives and sometimes horse-back rides; their fathers frequently accompanying them.

A sweet, pretty wedding was planned. It was to be at the house of Evadne, the beautiful palace of which she was now the sole mistress. Her father was there in the home of his early love.

A banquet was spread in the dining room. It was illuminated and brilliant as the daylight; everywhere were lights and flowers; the table in the center was white and glistening.

A number of family friends were invited to attend.

The joy of Monsieur Lenormand was equal to that of the lovers. Monsieur Cammille, in the serene majesty of a man who had been put to proof, was supremely satisfied.

At the feast, Monsieur Lenormand, rising with a glass of wine in his hand, proposed the health of the married pair.

He exclaimed, "You shall hear a sermon, I will give you a bit of advice. Adore each other, don't quibble and quirk, but be happy. I go straight to the point, make for yourselves a nest for life, and manage things so that nothing shall be lacking to you. If there be no sun, smile and make one. Henceforth, there must be no sadness anywhere. That there should be affliction and unhappiness in any place, what a disgrace to intelligences created in the image of God.

"Evil has no right to exist. All human miseries have for

their capital a central government, known as the devil's Tuilleries, and man dares to be proud and arrogant."

" 'Man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.'

" 'Well,' you will say, 'these are demagogical words.' No matter, as for me, I have no longer any political opinions. I decree love: I am no longer a royalist except toward that kind of royalty. Behold, omnipotence, Love. God is love. God wished to express his idea. He created the man, and then he created woman, and that was the wit of God. The devil, who is cunning, took to hating man, man who is still more cunning, took to loving woman; in this way he does more good than the devil does harm. There have been royal scepters, and there have been imperial scepters, scepters of iron and scepters of gold, the Revolution has taken the scepters of sixty centuries and twisted them between the thumb and forefinger, like a wisp of straw, there is no longer any scepter, they lie on the earth broken, done for. This is the heritage of the nineteenth century, but I defy a revolution against the power of love.

"Yes, Jehan, yes, Evadne, you are right. To love, to be loved, what a fine miracle. You have gained the great prize. Guard it well, do not squander it. Adore each other and snap your fingers at all the rest.

"Believe what I say to you, I am talking good sense and good sense cannot lie. He who loves is orthodox, the man who adores God loves his wife. Why does God show us so

many beautiful things if he does not intend that we shall love one another and in this way be happy. My children receive a father's blessing."

It was a delightful midsummer evening. In the ante-chamber three violins and a flute softly played quartets by Haydn. Suddenly the glad strains of the fourth symphony, "A Song of Joy," by Beethoven, stirred the air throughout the banquet rooms.

In the very heavens, the music of angels seemed to blend with that of earth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GLORY OF AMERICA

Benjamin Franklin said that "He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world."

"Jefferson, Madison, Washington and the people of the United States did introduce into public affairs in this nation the principles of primitive Christianity that are especially for the guidance of States and nations as such—the principle of the exclusive jurisdiction of God alone in all affairs of religion, the principle of the exclusion of the government from all things pertaining to religion, the principle of perfect Religious Liberty.

"And this has changed the face of the world.

"No one thought of vindicating religion for the conscience of the individual, till a voice in Judea, breaking day for the greatest epoch in the life of humanity by establishing a pure, spiritual and universal religion for all mankind, enjoined to render to Caesar only that which is Caesar's. The rule was upheld during the infancy of the Gospel for all men.

"No sooner was this religion adopted by the chief of the Roman Empire than it was shorn of its character of universality and enthralled by an unholy connection with the unholy State. And so it continued, till the New Nation—the least defiled with the barren scoffings of the eighteenth cen-

tury, the most general believer in Christianity of any people of that age, the chief heir of the Reformation in its purest form—when it came to establish a government for the United States, refused to treat faith as a matter to be regulated by a corporate body, or as having a headship in a monarch or a State."

"The Constitution establishes nothing that interferes with equality and individuality. It knows nothing of differences by descent, or opinions, or favored classes, or legalized religion, or the political power of property. It leaves the individual alongside of the individual.

"No nationality of character could take form, except on the principle of individuality; so that the mind might be free, and every faculty have the unlimited opportunity for its development and culture.—The rule of individuality was extended as never before.—Religion was become avowedly the attribute of man, and not of a corporation.

"Vindicating the right of individuality even in religion, and in religion above all, the New Nation dared to set the example of accepting in its relations to God the principle first divinely ordained in Judea."

The Lord Jesus, the Author of the Gospel as it was first propagated, proclaimed from God this perfect Religious Liberty, in the sweeping words, "If any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not." John 12:47.

When the Creator and Lord of all, declares every man's freedom not to believe even his words, then that utterly excludes all other persons, potentates, and powers, from ever judging or condemning anybody for any dissent or variance in any matter of religion or faith.

And that is the American and Constitutional principle.

And so says the Scripture again: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand.

"So, then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Rom. 14:4, 12.

AMERICA'S DESTINY

"Through its Sunday laws this principle of the Gospel was repudiated, and this liberty blotted out in all Europe by the world despotism of the papacy, that sunk the Roman Empire and carried the world to the brink of perdition. In the Reformation God again rescued mankind, and called men to the religious liberty upon which the Gospel was first propagated. But not till the planting of this newest nation did these principles ever find any place of recognition in government.

"The principles had always been there for recognition by every government. The principles were ordained of God for the recognition of governments and of men everywhere. But to this nation alone in all the world, befell the splendid distinction of taking this divinely ordained way of genuine religious liberty as a fundamental government principle. And this religious liberty has assured in this land civil liberty in higher degree and larger measure than was ever known before on earth.

"And by these two great principles of religious liberty and civil liberty, this nation has led the whole world out of the darkness and into the light. And here she is, Columbia,

Queen of nations; glorious in her goodly apparel, and majestic in her beautiful form.

"And now who wants to see her with troubled countenance and tear-stained face, with bowed head and disheveled hair, and her fair limbs marred with manacles, at the tail end of a dismal mewling procession, ecclesiastically led, trailing along the old and hateful paths of despotism, back down into the dark valley of the humiliation and despair of mankind and the world?

"No, no, no. Let her be devoutly kept and sacredly guarded —free, body, soul, and spirit, forever free. And she with noble head erect, and her face to the light; her countenance radiant and eyes sparkling, her glorious tresses joyously tossing in the bracing breezes of religious liberty, herself leading the grand march of mankind and the world upward to the sublimest heights of the divine destiny."

—A. T. Jones, "Washington Herald," March, 1912.
Washington, D. C.

SUBVERSIVE PRINCIPLES

This drama at the moment of its narration is on the point of penetrating in the depths of a densely dark cloud, more tragic than any that has yet enveloped the human race.

For fifty years and more things have been done akin to sprinkling salt on the tails of the human race in order to abolish the eagle.

In plain words, a counter revolution has taken place. It has not been a bloody revolution; it has been a quiet revolution by which the seeds of monarchy have been implanted,

not in name, but in reality; the name Republic is retained, and ever will be.

Silently yet swiftly and surely as one's march toward the grave is the revolution in progress destroying the doctrines of the fathers.

By means of the press, the pulpit and the platform this revolution has been effected. The very air is filled with the seeds of monarchy, pregnant with dissolution.

Moreover this revolution has passed from the realm of the press, pulpit and platform, in to the realm of action and practice.

"The immortal principles of civil and religious liberty, born and cradled in the United States in the closing part of the eighteenth century have been abandoned by the nation which gave them birth.

"The United States government has in principle deliberately and expressly repudiated every principle of its Constitution as a republican government.—See Congressional record dated Wednesday, February 27, 1901.

There are now in existence federations more extensive and more powerful than any that the world has ever known, as reactionary and subversive of the "New Order" of things as anything can possibly be. The glory of the New Order of things which thrilled this poor old world is now being reversed to the old order of the dismal glory of despotism.

The following is only some of the most recent history of facts:

"In the month of November, 1905, there was held in New York City a conference of five hundred delegates from

twenty professed Protestant denominations, to consider the question of the general federation of the Protestantism of the United States.

"The call for delegates to the proposed conference distinctly stated that the object of the meeting was to secure an effective organization of the various Protestant communions of this country, and to form a bond of union that will enable Protestantism to present a solid front to the forces of evil, and in every possible way unite its activities for the spiritual conquest of the world and the final triumph of the kingdom of God. It was plainly stated that the purpose of the Federation was that thereby the churches could 'bring pressure to bear upon city, county, state and national governments,' in order that by these the collective will of the churches shall be made effectual in law and by the power of the governments, of city, county, state and nation.

"It was explained that there are things which the churches wish to accomplish, but which can be done effectually only through law and by the power of the government.

WORDS OF WARNING

Words of warning were spoken by Bishop Fowler of the M. E. Church of the Conference in New York City, that organized the Federal Council:

"If this Federation shall grow into a centralized power, then we shall see here despotism, cruelty, and persecution, by Protestantism.

"It was a sorry day for the world when there was but one human brain in religion, and that brain in the chair of St. Peter's at Rome.

"And human nature has not changed."

"Centralized power in religion is certainly intended by the Federation. And centralized power will come as certainly as it is intended.

"Even though this were not intended, it would certainly come. It is inherent in the very idea and philosophy of Federation in religion.

"But it is definitely intended. Witness the fact that at Hays, Kansas, March 13, 1915, Rev. Frank Strong, Chancellor of the University of Kansas, said:

"'Christianity must end its divisions, so it may speak with unity and authority.'

"'It must become a governing force in our economic and political system.'

"'Christianity must control political forms, so that through political agencies it may adequately express itself.'

"'If Christianity had remained without division, and there was one universal church, then the head of the church, whatever his office or title, could have prevented the great war.'

"This is but the expression also of the whole thought of the set speeches in the California State Federation of churches in annual meeting at Sacramento, March 16, 1915.

"Are you ready, are you willing, to have it so?

"Can such a thing be for any kind of good at all in the world?

"If you say no, then it is very urgent that you be wide-awake and diligent to oppose this whole scheme yourself, and to do all possible to enlighten all others in order that they, too, may be kept from being swallowed up and carried away by this enormously evil tide.

That is, it is very urgent that you be Protestant.

“And now is the time.

“It must not be forgotten that all the consequences are in the principle.

“And the only surety of avoiding the consequences is in denying the principle.

“And the only proper time to deny the principle is when it is avowed.

“It is too late when only experience of oppression and suffering cause dissatisfaction and complaint.

“And that is no true denial of the principle. It is only a selfish plea for relief from inconvenience.

“Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.”

FRIENDLY TO ROME

“All that here has been written of the meaning and consequences of the principles and declarations of the Federal Council, is true as to the Federal Council in itself considered.

“And it reveals that the Federation of churches is an element of positive danger to this Nation, and to the liberties of the people.

“Yet all of this could be waived as to the Federal Council in and of itself considered and still that Council would stand as an element of the greatest danger to civil and Religious Liberty in this Nation, because of its settled friendliness to Rome.

“Although the Federal Council was organized as exclusively Protestant and stands as the Federation of Protestantism only, its settled friendliness to the Roman Catholic church is beyond all possibility of question.

"This has been made certain by the words and actions of the Council itself and its official agencies. Let these be witness:

NOT AGAINST ROME

"1. The official announcement in the daily papers of Chicago, of the date and place of the meeting of the Council to be held in that city, Dec. 4-9, 1912, said:

"'United Protestantism is not to be construed as a demonstration against the Roman Catholic church.'

"In view of what Rome is universally known to be;

"In view of what Rome has repeatedly declared that she intends to do in and for and with and through this Nation;

"In view of what Rome is actually doing in the United States, and as to the government and laws of the United States;

"For the Federal Council speaking for 'eighteen millions of people,' in the most public manner, to state that it is not even 'to be construed as a demonstration against the Roman Catholic church,' certainly to say the least, shows that it is profoundly sympathetic, if not positively friendly, toward that body, and surely could be nothing else than very wholesome and very full of comfort to her."

REPUDIATES PROTESTANT

"When the Council met in Chicago, the above preliminary statement was confirmed beyond all possibility of doubt or question in the fact that—

2. "In the very first business session and in dealing with the very first report, the Council deliberately struck out of

the report and from the Council's proceedings the word Protestant.

"The regular quadrennial report of the Executive Committee of the Council expressed the 'earnest hope that the second Federal Council would make yet more clear—

"The fact of the substantial unity of the Christian and Protestant churches of the Nation.'

"Immediately upon the consideration of the report, the word Protestant was challenged.

"Why emphasize a word that is not a uniting but a dividing word? a word that recalls a most unhappy and trying experience,' said one.

"By using this word, you make it more difficult for many of your Christian brethren to work with you,' said another.

"Discussion was presently cut off by a motion to re-submit the report for revision, eliminating the word Protestant which was done thus—

"To express the fellowship and catholic unity of the Christian Church.'

"In December, 1908, at Philadelphia, Pa., in the first meeting of the Federated Council as such, 'the right of private judgment' that was 'emphasized,' and the 'individuality' that was 'developed in a notable manner' by 'the Protestant Reformation,' was specifically abandoned as that which should 'no longer blind the minds of believers to the need of combination and of mutuality in service.'

"The right of private judgment in religion, and the principle of individual responsibility to God, are two essentials of the Protestant Reformation. Without these there never

would—there never could—have been any Reformation. But these are not only essentials of the Protestant Reformation. They are essentials of Christianity itself.

"And yet in the keynote speech of the first meeting of the Federal Council that was ever held, the declaration was made and published as the standing word of the Council, that these essentials of the Reformation and of Christianity should "no longer blind the mind of believers."

THE PART OF ROME

"The Federation of Catholic Societies was begun Sunday forenoon, August 20, 1916.

THE OPENING

"Was with a 'special,' 'extraordinary' 'pontifical' 'solemn high mass,' at which His Eminence, Cardinal Farley officiated.

"The scene within the famous cathedral was one which had never been equalled in this country since the institution of the church hundreds of years ago on this continent.

"In fact, it was the most beautiful spectacle of its nature that could have been arranged.

"The beautiful interior of the edifice was enhanced by the artistic arrangement of American flags, while great folds of yellow and white, the papal colors, were entwined; thus blending the National colors of the United States and those of the church in harmony.

"The mass that was to have begun the convention was to have started at 11 o'clock, but the magnificent ecclesiastical

procession that preceded the service was of more magnitude than had been anticipated.

"The procession, long drawn out, of all these ecclesiastics in their silken purples and scarlets, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, flashing and shimmering in the sunshine, was duly awesome and impressive, of course, as designed."

Accordingly, the laudation continues:

"The crowds in the vicinity of the Cathedral were enormous."

THE CROWNING FEATURE

"The concluding feature of the procession was the one that attracted the greatest amount of attention and interest."

And what could this feature be that so transcended all that had gone before, as to attract "the greatest amount of attention and interest?"

Oh, wonderful to tell—

"It was the arrival of the venerable Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore."

And equally wonderful—

"The dean of the Sacred College (the same Cardinal Gibbons) walked very slowly up the aisle."

And still a wonderful part of this crowning "feature of the procession," he not only "walked very slowly up the aisle," but he did this great feature, "imparting his blessing to right and left as he proceeded."

Now, must not that have been truly enough and worthy to be, a "feature" to "attract the greatest amount of attention and "interest" of such a crowd at such a time and in such a place?

And properly awed by the transcendently or perhaps transcendently wonderful sight and fact of a little old man walking very slowly and making empty motions of imaginary blessings,—

“Every soul of that great congregation (of ‘more than eight thousand’) appeared more than interested, and it was a great tribute to the primate of the church in this country.”

The convention was expressly designed and worked to impress this nation with a sense of what the church of Rome is in this land.

“And Cardinal O’Connell’s speech was the particularly set feature of that convention.

“The convention being specially set to magnify Rome in this Nation and this speech being the one towering feature in the convention, it follows that this speech can justly be held as the voice of the convention and therefore of Rome in the United States and to the United States.”

“In the speech there are four items that are made prominent:

- “1. Rome’s ‘liberty.’
- “2. The religious State.
- “3. Rome’s ‘patriotism.’
- “4. Rome’s ‘admiration and love for America and American institutions.’ ”

ROME’S “LIBERTY”

“It must be said that it is Rome’s ‘liberty’ that is proposed in the cardinal’s speech; and that is a very different thing from American liberty or liberty as it is in truth.

“First, he asks, ‘What is liberty?’

Then, instead of answering his own question directly or even at all by an open definition and analysis of the term, he sails away off and beggingly insinuates an utter fallacy and falsity which he expects the people with him to assume is the answer.

“And this fallacy and falsity is his answer as to what is liberty. But it is only Rome’s answer; and it is only Rome’s ‘liberty’ that is insinuated. And that is as far from American Liberty, or liberty as it is in truth, as heaven is from earth, as essential truth is from falsity, and as Rome is from the right.

“And in this beggingly insinuated answer, there is insinuated all that Rome herself is. Here is how he does it:

“‘And what is liberty? For if it is true that America has given us liberty, it is truer still that liberty alone can preserve America.’

“In this discussion of ‘America,’ he means the government of the United States.

“Note the fallacy—‘If it be true that America has given us liberty?’

“And that fallacy of ‘America having given us liberty’ and ‘granted’ liberty is so repeated—three times repeated, four times said in all—that it stands perfectly plain as the only conception of liberty that Rome has, and that ‘granted liberty’ is the only ‘liberty’ that Rome knows.”

AMERICAN LIBERTY

“But that is the absolute opposite of American Liberty. American Liberty never was granted by anybody to anybody;

much less was it granted by the American government to anybody.

“American Liberty cannot be ‘granted.’ It is not of the sort of things that can be ‘granted.’

“American Liberty is originally and inherently possessed by every soul, as the direct endowment of the Creator in the very act and fact of the creation of man.

“Accordingly these Americans said that ‘liberty’ that is ‘granted’ or that can be granted is not liberty:

“ ‘That when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.’

“Thus in just two sentences there was annihilated the doctrine of despotism that had been anointed and ‘hallowed’ by the church of Rome, and fortified with the ‘holy’ precedents of twelve hundred years—the doctrine of the divine right of rulers.

“And in the place of the old falsehood and despotic theory of the sovereignty of the government and the subjection of the people, there was declared to all nations and for all time, the self-evident truth and divine principle of the subjection of the government and the sovereignty of the people.

THE OPPOSITE

“But Rome’s ‘liberty’ is the opposite of all this. And it is the antagonism of all this.

“Her claim is that the people can not govern themselves,

that they can not be trusted, that government is of divine right from the church and under the submissive guidance of the church and for the honor and glory of the church.

"And this is precisely the point to which Cardinal O'Connell runs under cover of his fallacy of the government 'giving' and 'granting' 'liberty.' And then with a would-be mighty swoop, he declares:

"'And so every human being in search of liberty must inevitably accept one or another of these three things—either the whim of a tyrant resting alone on force of arms, or sacred law or no law at all. Let him seek and seek forever, but from this inexorable logic he never can hope to escape.'

"But the truth is, that there is no inexorable logic in it, nor about it; for neither inexorable logic nor any other begins with fallacy.

"And when, as in this case, attempt is made to do it, then simply puncture the fallacy and 'this inexorable logic' instantly becomes a vacuum abhorred by nature, and more by grace, and no less by American Liberty, which is both nature and grace.

"Yet it must be said that at the rate at which has for some time been moving the increasing tide of the dependence of the people on the government for help in many things, it will be only a little while before they will actually be depending on the government for liberty and will be willing to accept as liberty what the government grants. And then government and people and all will be fully on Rome's ground, instead of on American ground, and Rome can and assuredly will take full possession.

"The American principle is self-help and governmental protection. But when that is reversed to governmental help, then the reversal inevitably reaches to self-protection. And among a helpless people, self-protection becomes a vacuum that can be filled only by Rome or ruin.

"And for it to be filled by Rome, means equally ruin.

"Therefore, the one thing most needed in this Nation is the full restoration of original American principles.

"In order that American Liberty shall be preserved.

"In order that Rome's 'liberty' shall never find place;

"And in order that 'government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.' "

ROME'S "PATRIOTISM"

"The next would-be 'thundering' declaration of Cardinal O'Connell's 'great speech' of his 'inexorable logic,' that is not logical, is this:

"'It follows very clearly from this that the State which throws off religion must by inevitable necessity accept either anarchy or tyranny, and both end in utter destruction.'

"Now, it is certain that this thunderbolt is aimed at America alone. For this is the one State of all history that did throw off religion; and that specifically 'the Christian religion.'

"When this nation was begun, in the Declaration that 'these colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States,' every one of 'these colonies' except Rhode Island had religion. And with the Declaration began the blessed process and the American principle of throwing off State religion. The State of Virginia immediately threw off

the established religion of the Church of England, and the people of Virginia had American Religious Liberty.

"At this point, let the reader please turn to chapter XI and read again the story of the contest for religious liberty and how it was won for America and the world.

CONCLUSION

"By the principles and arguments here set down in the very words of the men of the contest, as well as by the facts of the case, the demonstration is complete that this Nation did 'throw off religion,' did throw off particularly the religion of 'the Church of Rome,' and did throw off specifically 'the Christian religion.'

"Thus they not only threw off somebody's religion, or somebody's view of religion they were actuated by principle, they were thorough, they went to the foundation, and for the organized government—the State—of the United States, as the result of thirteen years of public and general discussion, they threw off all religion; leaving all religion and all questions of religion and all matters touching religion, just where it belongs—to the individual himself, and he therefore subject and responsible only to 'the Universal Judge.'

"That is the fundamental and crowning principle—the foundation and the coping—of this nation.

"American patriotism is loyalty—supreme and unswerving allegiance—to that principle.

"The voice of Rome, by Cardinal O'Connell, on the special occasion with the applause of the two other Cardinals and 'the apostolic delegate' in this country, in most vigorous terms denounces and repudiates that principle.

"Therefore and thereby, the genuine and true inexorable logic is that—

"No person can be loyal to the American Nation and to the Church of Rome at the same time.

"The American Nation in its fundamental and crowning principle denounces and repudiates 'the Church of Rome.'

"The Church of Rome, on its fundamental and crowning principle, specially proclaimed, denounces and repudiates the fundamental and crowning principle of the American Nation.

"The two institutions, on their respective principles, are diametrically opposite and antagonistic.

"On the American principle, no man can be loyal to the Church of Rome. On the Roman principle, no man can be loyal to the American Nation.

"Accordingly, Rome's boasted patriotism for the American Nation is a preposterous pretense and gigantic fraud.

"A word further should be said on the Cardinal's citations in proof of the sure utter 'destruction' that comes to 'the State that throws off religion.' His words stand thus:

"'The State which throws off religion, must by inevitable necessity, accept either anarchy or tyranny, and both end in utter destruction.'

"'No one who knows anything at all of past history can help seeing that this is the positive teaching of facts.'

"'The whole story of Rome and Greece and Assyria and Egypt point clearly to this one and only conclusion.'

"And lo, the truth is that neither Rome nor Greece nor Assyria nor Egypt ever for a day threw off religion; and they all went to utter destruction.

"And more than that: The Rome that ended in utter

destruction was not only the Rome that did not throw off religion, but was the Rome that actually took on the very religion of the Church of Rome which Cardinal O'Connell preaches that the American Nation shall take.

"And as certainly as that religion shall be taken on by the American Nation, so certainly this will end in the like utter destruction.

"Accordingly the genuine and true inexorable logic is that Rome's patriotism for this Nation, Rome's love of the country of America, means nothing else than this Nation's utter destruction."

And that is not patriotism at all.

Yet it is exactly Rome's "patriotism."

ROME'S LOVE FOR AMERICA

"The grand climax of Cardinal O'Connell's speech as the voice of Rome to Americca, is the following:

"'Oh, yes, we know very well, the whole litany of accusations against us. We give only a divided allegiance. We are scheming for government. These are all lies, so patent that they need no answer.'

"'As Cardinal, I may be supposed to know what I am saying on this subject. And on my word as a gentleman of honor, I am speaking the simple, absolute truth.

"'I have known intimately, personally, and officially, three sovereign pontiffs—three popes of the Catholic church. I am a priest now thirty-two years; I am a bishop fifteen years, and a cardinal five years. I have had the closest relations with not only the Pope, but the whole Roman curia. I know

well every priest in all my diocese, and every bishop in this country.'

"Yet, never, never, in all that experience have I ever heard spoken, lisped, or whispered, or even hinted, by any or all of these, anything concerning America and American institutions but words of affection, of tenderest and kindest solicitude for her welfare;

"Never a syllable that could not be printed in the boldest type and distributed through out the land.'

"Neither plot nor scheme nor plan.'

"But only sentiments of admiration and love.'

"If there is plotting, I ought to know it.'

"Yet absolutely and honestly, of such things I have never heard even a whisper.'

"This is my answer to all these insinuations. That I know the truth, I think no one will deny. That after such a pledge I am still concealing the truth; that, I must leave those who, I repeat, will never listen to my answer.'

"That was when the 'whole vast assemblage' sprang to their feet, waving flags and streamers, and for several minutes, cheering and shouting, 'Bravo, Cardinal O'Connell;' and Cardinal Gibbons and Apostolic Delegate Bonzano 'clapping their hands.'

"The experience of Mr. O'Connell covers thirty-two years. It is more than forty years since any other than such words as he praises have been used by Rome toward this government; so that he is on safe ground in what he said.

ORIGINAL ATTITUDE

"Back beyond forty years ago here is how Rome looked on

America and how she regarded the Government of the United States under the Constitution as ordained and established originally by the people of the United States. The Catholic World of September, 1871, published a leading article in which the Constitution and Government of this Nation were spoken of as follows:

“ ‘As it (the Constitution) is interpreted—by the Protestant principle so widely diffused among us—we do not accept it, or hold it to be any government at all, or as capable of performing any of the proper functions of government; and if it continues to be interpreted by the revolutionary principles of Protestantism, it is sure to fail’—

“ ‘Hence it is, we so often say that if the American Republic is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principle of the Reformation, and the acceptance of the Catholic principle by the American people.’

“That is how Rome looked upon this Nation forty-five years ago—she ‘did not accept it’ nor ‘hold it to be any government at all.’ For nothing can be more certain than that this government was founded on the Protestant principle of total separation of religion and the State.

“The men who made the Nation said in so many words that they did it ‘upon the principles on which the Reformation from popery was carried on.’

“Therefore, it stands plain that from the beginning Rome’s attitude has been antagonistic to this Nation as it was established and intended forever to be; and her purpose distinctly revolutionary—to turn the Nation from its original foundation and principle to the opposite.”

SOME FACTS OF RECORD

"Just thirty-two years ago Pope Leo XIII. issued an encyclical in which he said :

"We exhort all Catholics who would devote careful attention to public matters, to take an active part in all municipal affairs and elections and to further the principles of the church in all public services, meetings and gatherings."

"All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the Constitution of States, and legislation, to be modeled in the principles of the true church."

"All Catholic writers and journalists should never lose for an instant from view, the above prescriptions."

"There, then, in the very year when Mr. O'Connell's thirty-two years of experience began, there was the declaration of a Pope that is as antagonistic to this Nation and its welfare and revolutionary, as anything could be.

"Thirty years ago the same Pope, in a communication addressed to a conference of Roman prelates at Baltimore, said this :

"The unlimited license of thought and writing, to which erroneous notions concerning both divine and human things have given rise, not only in Europe, but also in your country, has been the root and source of unbridled opinions."

This is a plain attack on the American and Constitutional Liberty of speech and of the press. And just as plainly that is not true affection, nor is it true solicitude for the welfare of the American institution of Freedom of Speech and of the press. It is the opposite.

"Now that occurred two years within Mr. O'Connell's

thirty-two years of ecclesiastical experience. And yet he 'never heard spoken, lisped, or whispered, or even hinted,' any such thing.

"Twenty-nine years ago the National Supreme Court in a decision definitely and unanimously committed the Constitution of the United States to the Roman principle, did definitely 'reject the principle of the Reformation' and did 'accept the Catholic principle.'

"By declaring that 'This is a Christian Nation,' and that 'the establishment of the Christian religion' is within the 'meaning' of the Constitution.

"Then immediately and ever since, the Popes and prelates of Rome have been constantly running over with the effusiveness of their words of 'affection' and 'solicitude' and 'admiration' and 'love.'

"Until that declaration of the Supreme Court, the Church of Rome held and had said in print, that so long as the Constitution was 'interpreted by the Protestant principle so widely diffused among us,—we do not accept it nor hold it to be any government at all.'

"But when the Supreme Court threw over the American and Protestant principle, and committed the Constitution to the Romish principle in 'the establishment of the Christian Religion' as the 'meaning' of it, immediately the whole attitude and tone of Rome was changed.

"For then Rome assumed entire possession of this Nation, and published here, July 2, 1892, from the Vatican, that—

"'What the church has done in the past for others, she will do for the United States.'"

"A CATHOLIC COUNTRY"

"Just then, too, Rome officially proclaimed the United States to be 'a Catholic Country,' 'elevated' it to 'the first rank as a Catholic Nation,' and permanently established at the capital of the Nation the Roman 'Apostolic Delegation,' with Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, the first 'apostolic delegate.'

"Then this same 'apostolic delegate' of the papacy published, September 5, 1893, the pope's 'salutation' to 'the great American Republic,' and the pope's 'call' and 'charge' to 'the Catholics of America.'

"'Go forward in one hand bearing the book of Christian truth—the Bible—and in the other the Constitution of the United States.'

"'Bring your fellow-countrymen, bring your country into immediate contact with that great secret of blessedness—Christ and his Church.'"

THE CATHOLIC CONSTITUTION

"Everybody knows full well that 'the Bible' which 'the Catholics of America' are to 'take in one hand' under this call and charge of the pope, is not for one moment any other than the Catholic Bible.

"And by the facts it is just as certain that 'the Constitution of the United States' which every Catholic is equally called and charged to take in 'the other' hand, is not for a moment any other than the Catholic constitution of the United States: the Constitution made Catholic by the 'meaning' of the National Supreme Court.

"October 18, 19, 1893, he jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons

was celebrated in Baltimore. The night of the 18th, Archbishop Ireland delivered a panegyric in which he said:

“I preach the new and most glorious crusade.”

“Church and the age: Unite them in mind and heart in the name of humanity, in the name of God.”

“Church and age—Rome is the church; America is the age.”

“Now, everybody knows that any union of church and State is antagonistic to every principle of the Government and Constitution of the United States.

“Everybody knows that such union never could be for the welfare of this Nation nor for the welfare of any Nation. It has always been a calamity and a curse to every nation that had it. And union with the Roman Church the worst of all.

“Than such a union here proposed and preached in and for the United States, nothing could be more fatally revolutionary.

“Yet here are the plain statements of Pope and prelate proposing and preaching that fatally revolutionary thing as Rome’s purpose in and for the United States, and as being what she is here for.

“There was proclaimed from a Catholic pulpit in Baltimore, and published in Cardinal Gibbon’s official paper, the ‘Catholic Mirror,’ of March 2, 1895, the papal doctrine that has been diligently cultivated all over the land ever since, that the decision of the Supreme Court is final.

“Citizens and others may read the Constitution, but they are not allowed to interpret it for themselves, but must submit to the interpretation by the Supreme Court.

"Just as the Superior Court of the Church is final also, and—*infallible*.

"All these statements have been made by Pope and prelate within the thirty-two years of Mr. O'Connell's experience, yet he never heard spoken, or whispered, or even hinted, anything concerning America of American institutions but words of affection, of tenderness and kindest solicitude for her welfare: neither plot nor scheme nor plan; but only sentiments of admiration and love.' "

THE TRICK

"But here is the trick in the words: In Rome's vocabulary, that fatally revolutionary thing—that supremest and unmitigated curse that could come to this Nation—is for the welfare of the Nation.

"To preach that—that 'new and most glorious crusade'—in her diction is to employ only 'words of affection, of tenderest and kindest solicitude' and 'neither plot nor scheme nor plan, but only sentiments of admiration and love.'

"Thus in Rome's realm of thought and principle and purpose;

"That fatal revolution from the complete separation of church and State to the vital union of the State with the Church of Rome, is for the 'welfare' of the Nation.

"To throw down the Nation from American Religious Liberty to Rome's destructive ecclesiastical despotism, is the 'tenderest kind of solicitude.'

"To spend every waking energy of Rome's whole world-wide organization all the time to effect that fatal revolution

and to put in power here that destructive ecclesiastical despotism—all that is 'neither plot nor scheme nor plan.'

"To scout and condemn the principles of the Nation as originally founded;

"To repudiate the express intent of the Fathers and Founders of the Nation;

"To flout above and to undermine beneath the purpose of the founding of the Government as in the Constitution and other organic documents fixed—all this is only 'admiration and love.'

"Thus Cardinal O'Connell's asseverations in all these words, terms and phrases, are a deliberate blind, purposely to hoodwink the people of the United States to the real truth of things.

"Thus it is demonstrated how certainly govermental recognition of or connection with the 'Christian religion,' leads directly back to the Church of Rome.

"It shows how divinely wisely led were the men who made the Nation, in their establishing perfect Religious Liberty as American and Constitutional by utterly repudiating any and every sort of Govermental recognition of the Christian religion.

DANGEROUS DOCTRINE

"Twice already, and from separate sources, in April, 1916, has been expressed on the floor of the House of Representatives the mistaken and utterly un-American view, that the decision of the National Supreme Court on questions of the Constitution is final; and that from it there is no lawful appeal.

"One of the speakers declared that—

“‘From its decision there is no appeal save to revolution or to God.’

“And the other declared that any appeal from that court’s decision would be ‘Lawlessness.’

“Both of these speakers expressed what Thomas Jefferson pronounced ‘a very dangerous doctrine, indeed, and one of which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy.’

“A doctrine under which Abraham Lincoln said, ‘The people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.’

“The Supreme Court of the United States is not the supreme tribunal in the United States.

“The government of the United States is a government of the people, through the Constitution.

“The people of the United States made the Constitution, and thereby created the Supreme Court. And not here, any more than in any other place, is the creature superior to the creator.

“The Supreme Court is not the Government. It is only a branch of the Government, co-ordinately with the legislative and executive branches. And neither of these is supreme in the Government; but each only in the field of its particular branch of the Government.

“The people of the United States are the Government of the United States; and alone are the supreme power, authority and tribunal of the Government.

“And from the action of any branch of the Government there is always open, the door of appeal to the Government itself which is the People.

"Only after the appeal to the people can there properly be appeal to God.

"To appeal to God without or before appeal to the people would be to ignore or deny the fundamental principle of the Government itself as a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

"The principle as well as the doctrine here maintained is unquestionably that of the intent of the makers of Constitution.

"James Madison said: 'An elective (and we may equally say, an appointive) despotism is not the government we fought for.'

"In persuading the ratification of the Constitution which he had helped to make, James Wilson said: "Oft have I marked with silent pleasure and admiration the force and prevalence through the United States of the principle that the supreme power lies with the people, and that they never part with it."

"Another of these, John Dickinson, said, 'It must be granted that a bad administration may take place. What is then to be done? The answer is instantly found: Let the fasces be lowered before—the supreme sovereignty of the people. It is their duty to watch and their right to take care, that the Constitution be preserved.'

"When one part of the Government, without being sufficiently checked by the rest, abuses its power, to the manifest danger of public happiness, or when the several parts abuse their respective powers so as to involve the commonwealth in like peril, the people must restore things to that order from which their functionaries have departed.

"If the people suffer this living principle of watchfulness and control to be extinguished among them, they will assuredly, not long afterwards, experience that of their 'temple' there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

"In Abraham Lincoln's vital disagreement with a decision of the Supreme Court, he said: 'Somebody has to reverse that decision, since it is made, and we mean to reverse it and we mean to do it peaceably.' 'Let us appeal to the people.'

"And this because, 'The people, the people of these United States, are the rightful masters of both congresses and courts: not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution.'

"To the people he did appeal. And the people did reverse that decision of the Supreme Court.

"Each of the two great national parties has acted nationally upon this very question, and in each case has confirmed the principle and the right of appeal to the people from decision of the Supreme Court touching the Constitution.

"Each of the two standard writers, Bancroft and Bryce, presents this as the true principle and view of the Constitution and the Supreme Court.

"Neither in Congress nor anywhere else should ever be forgotten this vital word of Abraham Lincoln:

"I insist that if there is anything which it is the duty of the whole people to never entrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions."

THE ISOLATED NATION

"At the St. Louis dinner of the League to Enforce Peace, Thursday night, Dec. 1, 1916, resolutions were adopted to form a branch of the League for St. Louis and Missouri, and a Committee of Organization was named.

"The dinner was attended by more than four hundred of the leading business and professional men of St. Louis, and speeches were made by Mr. Taft and United States Senator Stone; and Archbishop Glennon 'made a prayer for lasting peace on earth, among men of good will.'

"Yet the Romish prayer is exactly fitting to the League to enforce Peace. The prayer is for peace only among men 'of good will:' and woe to the man who happens by correct thinking to be not of sufficient good will to please those who have the power to decide all things their own way.

"Now the peace that does not have to be enforced, but wins its own peaceful way, and so is permanent, is 'on earth peace, good will to men.'

"This peace bears good will to men—all men, whether the men themselves be of good will or not.

"And this peace, by bearing good will to all men, wins them to this same peace.

"And even though the men be not of good will themselves, but even enemies, yet this peace which ever bears only good will to all men, will win them to itself—that peace which passeth all understanding, and is as permanent as God; for it is the peace of God.

DESTRUCTIVE PEACE

"But that other 'peace' that is only to 'men of good

will,' and that therefore must necessarily be 'enforced'—that "peace" is only of men, and men of only this world, men who are not of good will themselves; and in the nature of things never can be permanent.

"More than that, it never can be of any true benefit to the victims of it even while it is enforced. It is only the fruit of terrorism, and necessarily the longer it lasts the worse are its results upon its victims.

"And that is the 'peace' of Rome always. Archbishop Glennon exactly expressed it; and the Scripture has exactly expressed the result of it: "Through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand, and shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many." Dan. 8:25.

"That a League to Enforce Peace should be linked up with Rome, and should fit in with Rome's prayers for Rome's destructive "peace," is natural enough. But that this Nation of the United States should be dragged into that destructive way, and should be asked to take the lead in causing all the nations to become the allies of Rome in "enforcing upon all the world her destructive "peace"—that is beyond all bounds of propriety or principle or peace.

WASHINGTON'S WARNING

"It was to keep the Nation forever from all of that evil order of things that President Washington left to the American people his solicitous warning of an old and tried friend.

"At that time every one of the European nations was, and for more than a thousand years had been, under the absolute sway of the principles and 'peace,' and the principle of 'peace,' of Rome.

"When the New Nation was begun it was founded on utterly new and antagonistic principles, expressly that this Nation might escape all the things of that old order; and also that those old nations might have an example that would show to them a better way.

"This is all told in that one sentence of Washington's warning in which he expressed the hope that 'the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of Liberty, may be made complete.'

"'By so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of the blessing—

"'As will acquire to them the glory of recommending it.'

"'To the applause, the affection and the adoption of every Nation which is yet a stranger to it.'

"And therein is where lay the true and intentional isolation of this Nation.

"In any sense of its being too far off, successfully to be reached by the other nations, this nation never was isolated. The war of 1812 is sufficient evidence of that.

"But in its principles—the self-evident truths upon which it was founded—this Nation in the strictest sense was, and was intended to be, absolutely isolated.

"And the only way in which this Nation can ever properly cease to be isolated, is as Washington defined: namely, Through the adoption of these same principles by the other nations.

"And the only way in which this can be properly done is to have this Nation in all its people so strictly to maintain these principles in all their native integrity, that the result shall be what Washington hoped and all the makers of the

Nation intended that thus the blessing of the Nation shall be recommended to 'the applause, the affection and the adoption of every nation.'

"For this Nation in any other way than that to cease to be isolated, will be but the positive degradation of the Nation to the principles and the plane of the European nations which it escaped. It will be by sheer backward revolution: a complete forgetting and abandonment of all that the Nation was founded for, and all the meaning of its ever having been a separate and independent Nation.

"And that is precisely the way in which the League to Enforce Peace proposes to have this Nation to cease to be isolated.

"Every speaker that advocates it begins with repudiating the advice of Washington and ignoring that of Jefferson and despising all the principles of Madison and of the Nation.

CRIMINAL FOLLY

"The night of January 26, 1917, United States Senator Borah delivered an address before the Michigan Society of Washington City, on the League to Enforce Peace, in which he said:

"The policy Washington laid down is an inseparable part of our scheme of government. To abandon it now, after the Nation has followed it and been strengthened by it for nearly a century and a half, would be criminal folly."

"I say that deliberately. I firmly believe it.

"There is a myth abroad that George Washington, while a great character and leader was not much of a statesman. In my judgment he was the greatest statesman of all history.

None surpasses him as a maker of government, and few deserve to be mentioned in the same breath.'

" 'Washington's Farewell address is the most sublime document ever penned by the hand of man. Not until the last few years has any one been bold enough to challenge its wisdom.'

" 'Washington knew European politics in his time. The same questions, the same conflicting interests, the same repression of nationalities existed then as now. The questions presented by the awful struggle now going on are identical with those which caused Washington to pen this immortal document.' "

A PERILOUS COURSE

" 'Yet there has grown up in the minds of some men a feeling that this wise policy has been outgrown; that it is obsolete, and a change is needed. There has been organized in this country a league that has for its primary purpose the plunging of the United States into the policies of Europe; the very thing Washington warned the Nation against.'

" 'If the people of this country want to enter European politics, take part in European controversies, become entangled in its dynastic dissensions; if they want to furnish money and soldiers, ships and men, to be subject to the call of some tribunal or league in which tribunal we will have but one vote, very well.'

" 'The people have a right to enter that perilous course if they choose, for this is the peoples' government. But let us understand perfectly what it means before we take the step. Let us not be deceived, nor deceive ourselves. We should

debate and consider every step before we take it, for these are steps which once taken it is impossible for a people to retrace.

“Once in the maelstrom of European politics and it will be almost impossible to get out. Once involved in the matter of economically boycotting or in the matter of enforcing decrees by military force, it will be practically impossible to get back to the policy under which we have lived and strengthened for more than a century.”

PERFECTLY VICIOUS

“The singular and startling viciousness of this whole proposition of a league to insure peace or enforce peace is this: We enter the league, we contribute our portion of ships and soldiers for a police force of the world—a force large enough and strong enough to crush those who do not submit their vital interests to arbitration or conciliation. Then some question arises as to immigration, citizenship or of territorial propinquity, which we decline as a people to submit, especially to a tribunal so preponderatingly in numbers against us. Then we have agreed in advance that this force which we have helped to create shall attack and assail us as a people.”

“Without assuming to assail individuals, I denounce this principle as perfectly vicious, as perfectly heinous, indefensible in morals and not even hardly a proper subject for these after-dinner speeches.”

HUMAN NATURE IGNORED

“The trouble is that in talking about leagues of peace and arbitration we leave out one vitally important fundamental

proposition—human nature—which has controlled the national policies for a thousand years.

“There is left such a thing as national spirit, and I thank God for it. There are some things no nation could even submit to arbitration. Any system that would bring the armed force of the world against a nation which refused to arbitrate such a question is to my mind vicious to the last degree.

“I want the United States to do its utmost in the name of justice and humanity to bind up the wounds caused by the great war now raging; but to do so as a great neutral nation. But I would do this without any obligation on our part that binds us in return, save that which a great Republic owes to justice and humanity.

“We can do our heroic part, our real part vastly better without departing from our policy of more than a century. We can act as a great neutral which sees the right and has the will and courage to stand by the right and condemn the wrong, without allowing ourselves to be drawn into the maelstrom.

“Our traditional policy is sound and wise. It signifies no lack of interest in the maintenance of international law or international morals. It is not antiquated, because it is just as essential for the maintenance of our democratic institutions as ever before. It is not selfish, because it would have us remain aloof in order that we might be more helpful and not with the idea of material gain for ourselves.’

“Let Europe move up to our standard, instead of us descending to the standard of Europe.’”

“THE MOST SUBLIME DOCUMENT EVER PENNED
BY THE HAND OF MAN

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS”

MOTIVE AND OBJECT

“I shall carry with me to my grave a strong incitement to unceasing vows that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence;

“That, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of Liberty, may be made complete,

“By so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of the blessing as will acquire for them—

“The glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

“A solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life;

“And the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude;

“Urge me, on an occasion like the present:

“To offer to your solemn contemplation,

“And to recommend to your frequent review,

“Some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people.

FOE OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

“Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence—I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens—the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake since history and

experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government.

"But the jealousy to be useful, must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it.

"Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people to surrender their interests.

THE GREAT RULE

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith—here let us stop.

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have no, or very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns.

"Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

OUR ISOLATION

"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us

to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance;

“When we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected;

“When belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation.

“When we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

“Why forego the advantage of so peculiar a situation?

“Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground?

“Why, by weaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

OUR TRUE POLICY

“It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world: so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements.

“I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary, and would be unwise, to extend them.

“Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable estab-

lishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

NO GREATER ERROR

“Constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for distinguished favors from another;

“That it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character;

“That by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more.

“There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon, real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

WILL THEY

“In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish;

“That they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations.

“But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good;

“That they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit,

“To warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue,

“To guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism—

"This hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated."

*—The American Sentinel of Religious Liberty, Numbers 22-28, Washington, D. C., 1433 S. Street, N. W.

The battle begun at the close of the eighteenth, for the cause of civil and religious liberty, has been waged and won for the right; but alas, only to be surrendered again by the victors to the vanquished. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high place. How are the mighty fallen. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished."

Columbia, as lovely in sorrow as in joy, weeps and pleads over the nation, saying in the beautiful lines of Wister:—

"O Benjamin of nations, best beloved,
Still let your isolated beacon show
Its steadfast splendors from their rock unmoved,
Mixed with no lanterns that flare, fall, and go.
Still may your fortunate twin oceans flow
To island you from neighbors' broils aloof:
Teach liberty to live, be your life still the proof.

"So long in heaven I waited for your birth,
Such joy filled me when I became your soul,
So close I have companioned you on earth,
Walked with each step you've trodden toward our goal,
O stray not now aside and mar the whole
Bright path. She stopped, she laid her hand on him;
He looked up, beheld how her clear eyes were dim."

Awake, O sons and daughters of the Republic. The God of thy Fathers calls thee, Columbia calls thee, to awake. It

is not merely the battle of the Century, but the Battle of All the Ages, which is with thee to decide—to settle for weal or woe, for time and for eternity.

—Battle of the Century—P. T. Magon, M. D.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FINAL CONTEST

Facts exist which are eruptions in the surface of civilization revealing the course of a monstrous blind mole having the pride of Lucifer and the ambition of Caesar.

This rejuvenation of a corpse is astonishing. Behold, it walks and advances; this dead body is a conqueror; He arrives with his legions, superstitions, prejudices, hatreds and despotism.

Whom are we accusing:—No one. It is with the people that rest the responsibility, for it must not be forgotten that the majority rule; but when sympathetic souls forget that the first of fraternal obligations and selfish hearts do not understand that the first political necessities consist in thinking of the multitude of sorrowing, unfortunate, disinherited people, to solace, enlighten, love them, to enlarge their horizon to a magnificent degree, the notion of universal aim, offering the example of labor and sobriety, never of idleness and drunkenness, abandoning all hatred; when those who enjoy, hate those who suffer; when those who suffer hate and envy those who enjoy, when the vulgar rich flaunt their wealth before the eyes of a disgusted people, building palaces for poodle dogs, etc. When philosophers and teachers rest from their labors too soon; then the soil is prepared for a One-Man Power; and the man who gets into power differs in no wise

from his fellows only in that he is just a little more clever than they.

“One of the most notable things of the present time is the universal spirit of combine.

“So widespread in its operations and so insistent in its nature, is this thing that no person can avoid being challenged by it.

“This spirit of combine is not in any sense the principle of unity of co-operation by individuals acting collectively toward a common purpose.

“Instead of that perfectly proper and legitimate thing, it is the principle of one mind, of one individual will, dominating all others possible and bending all these to the set purpose of that one mind or individual will.

“This truth and this distinction are both illustrated in the universally known fact that the first effect of this spirit is to deny, to override, to break down and crush out, all right, all freedom, indeed all recognition, of the individual.

“The second effect of the rule of this spirit is to destroy all individuality of the individual himself. This truth is stated so flatly by the president of the Federation of Labor in the late hearing of the unions before the Senate committee, that there is no room to doubt it. He said:

“‘The worker, industrially, has lost his individuality in modern times. He is simply a cog in the great wheel of industry; and all of the workers as cogs, operate in co-operation with each other, and when that is true, individual right is gone.’

“Whatever business it may be that is comprehended in the trust—oil, steel, fruit, milk, or what not—no individual is

allowed to do anything in that line of trade except as the servant of the trust and absolutely under the dictation of the trust.

"If the combine be in the form, not of the trust as such, but of the labor union, then no individual is allowed to work except as the servant of the union and under absolute dictation of the union.

"If it be in the form of the church federation, then no individual is allowed to preach the Gospel that he may have received directly from God except under the recognition and the sanction of the federation, and in the territory assigned by the federation.

THE ONE-MAN POWER

"The direct logic, as well as the inevitable trend of all this is a one-man power. This, today, is manifest on every hand.

"The one-man head of the trust can dictate each succeeding day what the whole people shall pay for their sugar, their kerosene, their nails, etc.

"The one-man head of the union can decide and dictate any hour whether the members of his union shall work or walk out; and they obey, whatever their own wish may be. Also this one-man head of the union can dictate to the employer what he shall do, and how he shall conduct his business or whether he shall conduct it at all.

"These conditions which are actual and which no person can deny, present a most critical situation for this nation. For the logic of a one-man power is despotism. And it is a despotism in all relations, religious as well as other: or rather religious above all other.

"For the spirit of the combine is the spirit that leads one mind to usurp the place and power of God over the minds, the rights, the persons, and the property of others, and by force compel them to his own will and purpose.

"And as it is certain that a man in the place of God will always act unlike God, it is also certain that his power will always be exerted in compelling men to do things contrary to the righteousness of God.

"This has been the unvarying history of it from the mighty despotism of Nimrod, the first who arose since the flood, to the rapidly growing ones in the United States today. For Nimrod was not only 'a mighty hunter' of beasts, but also of men.

"He was a persecutor. He pursued and compelled men to recognize his authority in all things. They must worship as he dictated. And his bad example has been invariably followed. It was followed by the Pharaohs, by Nebuchadnezzar, by Darius, by the Caesars, and by the Popes.

THE TWO REPUBLICS

"When from Nimrod onward the despotism—the combine—of a one-man power had afflicted the world for ages, there arose a people who renounced it and all that was akin to it, and established a government of the people.

"They threw off all kingship and declared that they needed no such figment to govern them; but that they were capable of governing themselves: and so established a government of the people, by the people and for the people—individual self-government, the republic of Rome.

"They were right. The principle was sound and the

governement was a grand success—while the people really governed themselves.

“But the grandeur of the success brought results which caused the Roman people to lose the faculty of governing themselves, and the government fell to cliques, coteries, and combines, that governed the government. And presently these merged in the first triumvirate—government of the people by a special three and for the special three and their shouters.

“And who were the three—Crassus, the chief capitalist; the head of the trusts and of the combines of the capital of the empire.

“Caesar, the pride of the populace, of the combines, of the unions, and of the envious crowd.

“Pompey, the pride of the army.

“These three men pooled their power and deliberately sat down together and agreed that nothing should be done in the Roman State but by their consent.

“Seven years afterward Crassus was slain in the battle with the Parthians. Then it was a question between Caesar and Pompey as to which of them should be the government alone. In five years the question was decided in favor of Caesar, and he alone was the government—a one-man power.

“But a one-man power was dreaded. Caesar was assassinated to escape it. But immediately the government fell to a new special three—Anthony, Octavius and Lepidus.

“Lepidus was soon shelved, and the contest was repeated as to which of the second two men should be the government. The contest was decided in favor of Octavius, and just thirteen years from the assassination of Caesar to escape a one-

man power, the government was again under a one-man power where it permanently remained—the worst despotism till then ever known.

“This one-man power, its despotism and its empire finally allied itself with the church to save itself. But this only deepened the despotism and the general deviltry; and the floods of the tribes of the forests of Germany poured over the imperial domain and swept all to annihilating ruin.

“Then out of that ruin and over the new peoples, there was built the one-man power of the Papacy, the completest combine and the deepest and darkest despotism ever known on earth.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

“Those tribes established kingdoms over all Western Europe; and again there was a long series of kingships expanding into empire with its consequent despotism.

“Then after that series of kingships and imperialism, there arose another people who cast off all kingships and everything akin to it and established a government of the people.

“They declared that men are capable of governing themselves, and need no such figment figureheads as kings, Caesars, or Popes.

“They said that men are possessed of unalienable rights to start with; and that to secure to themselves these rights, governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

“Accordingly they established a government of the people, by the people and for the people—individual self-government, the republic of the United States.

"Those people were right. The principle is sound. The government was a grand success—so long as the people really governed themselves.

"But how many of the people of the United States today are self-governing? And it must not be forgotten that the majority is in effect the government. In a government of the people, when the majority of them fail to govern themselves the republic is gone and a government of some other form is as certain to arise as that condition continues.

"In the field of business and traffic today in the United States how many of the people are governing themselves in their own business?—The vast majority of them are governed by the trusts.

"In the field of labor, how many of the people are governing themselves?—Multitudes of them are governed absolutely by the unions.

"In the field of religion how many of the people are governing themselves? Hardly any. Practically the whole mass of them are governed and expect to be governed by the church. And when any would break the bands and fetters that have been fastened upon them by the ecclesiastical trust, the consequences are the same in principle and in spirit, and in some measure even in fact, as to those who would break the fetters of the other combines of trusts and the unions.

"This evil influence has now become so widespread and so marked that it finds mention in leading periodicals: as in the *Review of Reviews* for October, 1916:

"There has been a steady drift in our system of government towards personal direction and control by the President.'

"And that itself is a change of the form of government. The original form of the government—of any republic—is government 'by the people,' not by the President. And this 'steady drift toward personal direction and control by the President' means nothing else than a one-man power. It means the absorption of the powers of the government in the man instead of their being retained and controlled by the people.

"The conditions in this nation today are such that in a crisis such as that which was threatened for September 4, 1916, the grand chief of the trusts, the grand chief of the unions, and the grand chief of the church federation, can pool their power and form a triumvirate as quietly and as absolute as was that of Crassus, Caesar, and Pompey.

"And of such triumvirate the only outcome that there can be, is a one man power. The logic of the combine, of whatever sort, never can be anything else than a one-man power. That is the only spirit that ever is in it.

"And as certainly as this shall come, for which the way is already prepared, there close beside that one-man power, as the oldest grand chief of church combine, will be the same perpetual Papacy.

"This is not to say that the church or even the Papacy will itself be the one-man power. It is only to say that the church will be the inspiration and the directing voice of that which apart from the church as such, will be the one-man power.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE

"But thank the Lord there is a sure way of escape for

every individual who will and for the Nation, if the people will.

"Individuality, note it: not individualism. For it is eternally an ity, never an ism.

"Anything, everything, that ever in any way encroaches upon the individuality, that infringes the self-government, of any soul, thereby attacks and to that extent undermines the American Republic. And to undermine the American Republic does evil to the whole world.

"This way of individuality has always been the way of escape from the invariable despotism of one-man power.

"Against the evil thing at its very beginning and every step of the way since, there has been earnest and decided protest on the part of God: and always by the blessed individual.

"The character of the thing itself is stamped forever upon it at its very beginning in Nimrod, 'the extremely impious rebel' and 'overbearing tyrant in defiance of the Lord.'

"And when by the followers of the example of this overbearing tyranny that thing had so filled all the Mesopotamian plain that there was no liberty for the individual anywhere there, there was yet one man who against it all would be the friend of God.

"And God called this friend of His—Abraham—out of the range of that despotism to be free with Him. And Abraham 'went out, not knowing whither he went,' but knowing that wherever he might go with Him he would be free and could be himself in the full range of his own blessed individuality.

"And in this manly assertion of the integrity and divine right of the individual, and this manly protest against the

despotism of the combine, Abraham became 'the father of all them that be of faith.'

"And the illustrious line of Abraham, of those that be of faith, has extended unbroken from that day to this: as also has the line of Nimrod—of those that be of the combine.

"And the contest has been always the same—of the power of the combine against individuality: of the right and Liberty of the individual against the power and despotism of the combine.

"And just now on the respective sides all things are shaping for the final contest.

"And it centers in America: American Liberty against world despotism, the American and divine right of individuality against the world and Babylonish wrong of the combine.

"And in this final contest, as all the way from the beginning, the right will win the day and the individual will triumph against the combine forevermore.—The American Sentinel.

And now while the sun is going down and the angel of democracy is unfolding his wings, yet sadly waiting as if unwilling to leave the people to the consequences of their own bad choice, it is not too late to take the course which Abraham Lincoln and they who stood with him took to meet that crisis of body slavery; 'that course in that crisis which carried them to a glorious issue, not only blazed the way but established a solid and a broad highway over which we may with all confidence proceed unto an issue as much more glorious as religious liberty surpasses civil liberty.'

"First, it is ours to say in the very words of Abraham Lincoln himself, 'We have to fight this battle upon principle and upon principle alone.'

"When we shall be charged, as was he, with resistance to the decisions of the Supreme Court, we can answer in his own words, as truly and as fitly spoken, 'I do not resist it. All I am doing is refusing to obey it as a political (a religious) rule. But we will try to reverse that decision. Somebody has to reverse that decision, since it was made; and we mean to reverse it, and we mean to do it peaceably.'

But if not and this ideal Republic must follow the course that has marked the destiny of civilizations of the past, and when the peace, established by force has had its little day, we shall again behold religions contending like two goats in the dark on the precipice of the infinitie; and the nations gathered together against God in the battle of Armageddon. Yet what have we to fear, we who believe, the river does not return to its course, no more is there a back flow of ideas, progress proceeds, the march of minds is ever onward and upward. The globe will never perish and there is an imperishableness connected with humanity.

The Most High as the leading personage in the Drama of all the Ages is majestically guiding humanity to a glorious end; the Golden Era is fast approaching when a free thinking, free speaking people shall rejoice in perfect freedom evermore.

That individual, patriotic according principle, feels himself alone, obscure, isolated, the luminous point of his ideals lost in the depths, surrounded with great dark menaces heaped up as high as heaven yet in no more danger than the Sun

dropping into the abyss of fog or of the Pleiades in the maw of a cloud. The curtain with "the Millennium" marked across it will drop upon the tragic scenes of Armageddon, but when it rises again, all will be changed.

Presently the scene is changed; . . . the earth again appears in the circle of Eternity, . . . now the fairest star in all the heavenly train; . . . *for "the tabernacle of God is with men."* . . . Soon the air is filled with music like the song of the billowy sea.

We wish to conclude this narrative with the thought as to who are "The True Heroes of Earth."

BY EMMA HERRICK WEED

"They are coming this way," he said—the angel who kept the gate—

"They enter the city here. Would you see their cohorts?
Wait.

Within is a great feast spread, and the air with music stirs;
For the King himself shall sit this day with the banqueters."

The heroes of earth. For these, in their march up the aisles
of palm

I would wait: from within came forth the surge of a swelling psalm.

At thought of the nearing hosts, I shrank in awesome dread—
Chief captains and mighty men, who should pass with their
martial tread.

Then, slowly, out of the mists up the way whence I looked
to see,

With glory along their crests, and light on their panoply,
The warriors, splendor-shod, with whose names Time's annals ring—

Came a band of pilgrims; worn as from years of journeying,

Slowly, with halting steps, they come; their unsandaled feet
Are bruised by jagged stones, are scorched by the desert's heat;
Their forms are beaten and marred by the storm and the hurricane;

But the stronger uphold the weak and their leader upholds
a cross.

Impatient, I look away down the slopes where the palm
plumes toss;

Impatient, I turn to him, the angel who keeps the gate—
“But the heroes? Where are they, for whom you bade me
wait?”

For answer, the gate swings wide, and dawn streams out on
the night;

And that way-worn band pass through, their raiment white
as the light.

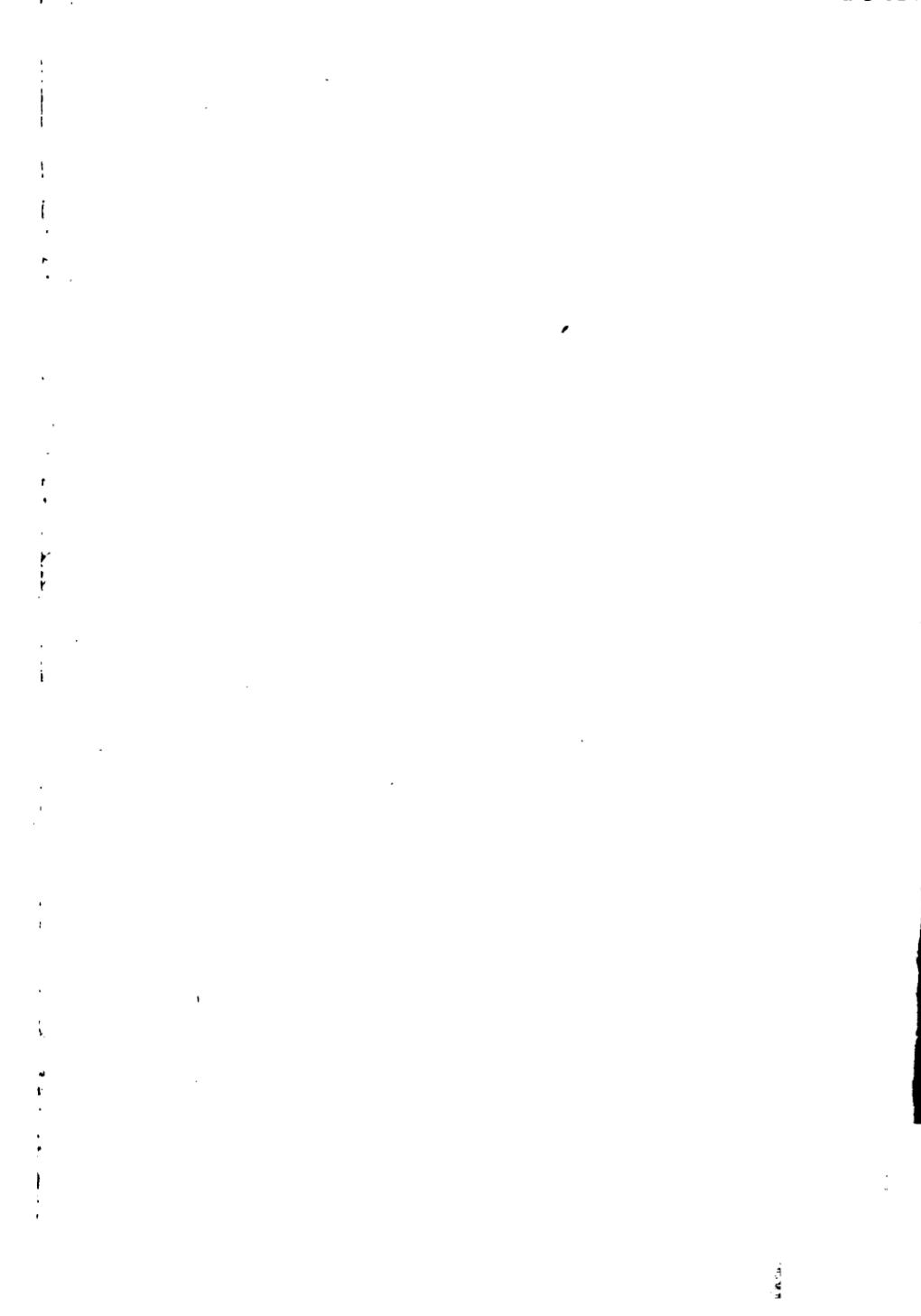
For answer, I hear a voice from the heart of the halos say,
While the veiled angel bows: “Earth's heroes? These are
they.”

Of these are Abel, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David,
Daniel, Paul; the long line of Christians of the primitive
church and of the Dark Ages; Militz, Conrad of Waldhausen,
Matthias of Janow, Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome, Luther
of the Reformation period—these, and such as these, are
earth's heroes and the world's true conquerors. For this is

the victory that conquers the world, even faith. And he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

The City into which the heroes enter is the City for which Abraham looked, it is the new Jerusalem that will not pass away.





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